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PETER JACKSON IN TOWN.

THE NATIONAL

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL IN AMERICA
SPORTING & PRACTICAL

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

VOLUME LV.—No. 642.
Price Ten Cents.



THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS.

A JEALOUS RIVAL OF PRETTY LIZZIE SAVIDGE, OF DARBY, PA., STEALS HER TRESSES.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1860.

Readers of the Police Gazette

Will please note carefully our advertisement on
page 14 of

Elegant Cabinet Photographs

of Pugilists, Wrestlers, Athletes, Oarsmen, Ball Players, Billiardists, Lady Bicyclists, Actors, Actresses in all kinds of costumes, Famous Men and Women, and Fighting Dogs.

This collection has been made at a great expense, and is being added to daily.

They are mailed to any address for 10 cents each. It is in the reach of any person to have a fine collection of these Photographs at a very little outlay. The size is 4½ by 6¾ inches.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Hatfields and McCoys are still having a lively time in Kentucky, and, from where we sit, it looks as if either the Hatfields or McCoys will be eliminated from the face of the earth if they are given time enough. From present appearances the thought suggests itself that the Hatfield and McCoy people must be extremely fond of children or are going to start themselves in the undertaking business. The POLICE GAZETTE has issued a book on the subject of the feud, and it is highly seasoned reading.

THE good pastor, Rev. Asa N. Dyer, of the "Brick Church," in Dighton, Mass., which is a next-door neighbor to Taunton, has for some time past been waging war against his flock for indulging in the frivolities of kissing. It was all well enough while the boys and girls enjoyed themselves with osculatory seances, but when the hatchet-faced spinsters of the flock announced that they were going to take a hack at it that settled the business, and the town was in danger of being depopulated.

THE merry girls of the Kajanka troupe, recently showing in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, had a lively time one day recently. The City of Churches is the possessor of a crank named Denton who attaches "Professor" to his cognomen. The professor is the proprietor of unlimited gall, and he was grabbed by the Kajanka contingent, and they did stunts with him and then had him arrested. The professor has announced his intention of roosting high hereafter when a Kajankite is loitering in his neighborhood.

THERE are some thieves who are really too mean to live. A woman's beauty lies in her hair, and anyone who will rape a lock, alias steal the tresses, of a pretty girl is deserving of no pity, charity or philanthropy. On the front page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE is delineated the story of the robbery of the hair of Miss Lizzie Savidge, of Darby, Pa. It is said that a jealous rival was the purloiner. There are more ways than one for one girl to get square on another, but according to our way of thinking this is the vilest, for a bald-headed maiden is not at all pretty to the view.

THE conquering hero, Peter Jackson, has arrived in town, and will make the POLICE GAZETTE office his headquarters while he remains in this city. The colored champion is looking well and is the perfect picture of robust health. He announces himself as thoroughly satisfied with his treatment by the fair-minded sporting men of England, and would like to take a fall out of any of the big 'uns, bar none. Parson Davies, Jackson's manager, is also as hale, hearty and chipper as usual, and tells good stories of the good treatment he received at the hands of the Pelican Club and its large-hearted members.

REALITY is always more forcible than romance, and there is not a writer living who can draw on his imagination to an extent that will make solid facts take a back seat. Jules Verne told the story of an imaginary trip around the world in eighty days, but two cosy little maidens have called his hand and seen him several better. "Nellie Bly," otherwise Pink Elizabeth Cochrane, whom the enterprising New York *World* started around the globe, corralled Phileas Fogg, and Elizabeth Bisland, started around the world by the equally energetic *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, has downed "Phil" by several days. The girls deserve credit, and the POLICE GAZETTE this week presents their photographs, which are true to life.

MASKS AND FACES

Tom and May...Echoes From Everywhere.

"BARBER OF BAGDAD."

Barney Fagan's Romance...Jake and Jenny...Mansfield...Salvini...Mantell
--Sarah's Patriotic Speech.

WHIMS OF STAGE WOMEN.

There have been plenty of items of theatrical news during the past week.

Billy Barry, of Barry and Fay, for instance, has been sued for \$5,000 for slapping the face of Agnes Hallock.



I am told that Barry says he merely waved his hand and it came in contact accidentally, as it were, with the phiz.

Paulus, the music hall singer of Paris, who, by his songs, made Boulangier famous, may come over to America next year. He is one of the homeliest men in the gay city, but so great is his personal charm that many women are crazy over him.

Paulus is a good, limber-legged, fantastic dancer, and used to kick up his legs at Mabille and Bullier in the old days.

Salvini, who has not been a big financial card during his present tour, announced in Chicago the other night that this is his last season.

If Salvini retires now he is wise. He is getting fat and unwieldy, and he is as puny as ever. Ristori stayed on the stage too long, and Jamuschek and Modjeska are making the same mistake.

Mique O'Brien, the clever fiddletonist of the *Times-Star*, has interviewed Barney Fagan.

"I had rather a romantic adventure in Cincinnati some five or six years ago," said the dancer to the journalist. "I was arrested for bigamy. The case looked like a desperate one. I was told to get Tom Campbell to act as my lawyer. I did so. He made a ten-line speech to the judge, in which he convinced that official that I couldn't be held longer than forty-eight hours without a requisition from Boston. The judge released me. Campbell charged me \$150. That same day two Boston detectives hunted for me with a requisition. I was in Campbell's office. They knew it and came after me. I was warned, and while the detectives were coming up on the elevator I was going down on the wire rope that pulls it up. I made haste to get out of town.

But they nipped me afterward, and it cost me \$1,800 to get out of the scrape."

Gilbert says he never reads the criticisms on his librettos.

It's a good thing he didn't read Leander Richardson's review of "The Gondoliers," as produced at the Park Theatre, New York. Richardson speaks of the company as "the cheapest, illest conditioned, least competent, lowest-lived, rottenest organization that ever found lodgment in an American theatre," an aggregation of bullet-headed, pigeon-toed, pie-footed, boisterous, herring-bellied choristers!" And Richardson is pretty nearly right. I am told "The Gondoliers" is a fizzle in New York. John Stetson alludes to it wittily as "The Gone Dollars," and A. M. Palmer and Dave Henderson wish they had not made those hasty little contracts with the oily and wily Carte.

I met Lew Dockstader in the lobby of a hotel in Cincinnati the other day. "I feel like a new man since I don't star," said he. "Primrose and West, with whom I am, you know, are doing a big business everywhere."

At a table d'hôte dinner in Chicago, a few weeks ago, I had as a charming vis-a-vis Marie Reid, late of the Casino, then of McCull. Miss Reid has a regular face, a deep-set antipathy to Max Freeman, and a fine family tree. They say her papa was on the bench once upon a time.

What will become of us next season? Anderson, they say, is going to marry Novarra, a young fellow with millions. Langtry is going to show off her faded charms in England. Potter is booked for Australia. We'll have to be satisfied with Marlowe, and Lillian Lewis and Modjeska.

I see May Yohe has been the cause that Tom Williamson, the well-known turfite of "Frisco," went into the

editorial office and smashed the head of Hirsh, of the *Evening Post*, there. A paragraph appeared about Yohe and him in that paper that Williamson didn't like, so he took the law into his own hands. Yohe, you may remember, is the young woman whose bastard traitor charmed a prominent manager in Chicago a couple of summers ago, and caused a prominent lead-

ing man of Boston to forego celibacy for a time. Miss Yohe has a fine eye, poor accent and a loving mamma.

Bob Mantell, whose work in "Monbars" and the "Corsican Brothers" is much admired by some, habitually wears a wig.

Barrymore does also, and De Wolf Hopper.

Mike Kennedy, the comedian, has just the lightest kind of a tuft, so small in fact that when he carries it in his vest pocket it looks no bigger than a big foreign cigarette.

"There," said Jake Rosenthal, formerly manager of Jennie Yeaman, "there goes the man who broke up our company!" As he spoke he pointed at Irwin McDowell, the latest husband of Fanny Davenport, a handsome, strapping fellow. "One day," continued Jake, "Jennie happened to meet Irwin McDowell on the cars, and began chatting with him. That evening Jennie didn't show up, and we had to dismiss the house. She didn't care for acting on the stage any more. They say woman is at the bottom of every mischief. In this case it was a leading man."

Harvey, who runs the bar at the Richelieu in Chicago, is the father of Hattie Harvey, the soubrette. He seems to have photos of his sprightly daughter on tap, for he promptly goes to a drawer behind the bar and pulls one out if you half hint at his offspring.

Harvey told me Hattie and Patti were great friends. George Keogh is now to be the manager of the girl, and Jimmy Ryan will no longer go bawling in that rich baritone of his, "And the Band Played Hattie Harvey!" as he was wont to do.

I am sorry to see that Mansfield, as *Richard III.*, didn't please the Gothamites. He is said to have lost his breeches at Palmer's. You will notice that in speaking of *Ricard's* breeches I am archaeologically correct. It would not be proper to speak of a king of the fifteenth century as dropping his socks or his pants.

Albert Sterner, the artist, has been doing some clever drawings of theatrical people lately. His sketch of Modjeska as *Ophelia* is fine. He has happily caught the spirit of *Rosalind* as incarnate in Ada Rehan. He has even succeeded in reproducing the nondescript *Lady Anne* of Beatrice Cameron. You may not know that Sterner can act, and sing basso, and play the piano, as well as paint and draw. I hear he is to do life-size portraits in oil of Rehan and Modjeska.

Maggie Mitchell is much amused at the guesses people make at her age. "I met the royal soubrette at a dinner the other night," said Jas. H. Aligian, long manager of Chanfrau and Oliver Dowd Byron, to me. "She has none of that falsetto voice in daily life that you notice on the stage."

"Guess my age! They don't come anywhere near guessing my age. But no matter; I shall retire next season," said she, "for good! When I find I can't dance any more, I think I'd better stop. But my heart is still as young as ever."

Mrs. Fitz-George's death and funeral in London the other day directed public attention to the Duke of Cambridge's domestic relations. She was known over forty years ago as Miss Farebrother, a popular dancer and actress at Drury Lane, and at other theatres. The duke, who was at that time sowing his wild oats married her, according to the rites of the Church of England. But as the union was invalidated by King George III's law on the subject of royal marriages, Mrs. Fitz-George was never received at court. She led a most exemplary life, and became the mother of three sons and a daughter. The Duke of Cambridge refused all ideas of supplementing this morganatic marriage by wedding a German or any other Princess. He was greatly attached to his wife, and started an establishment for her near to his own residence at Gloucester House. He used the latter for official functions, levees, etc., but spent most of his time in his wife's domestic circle. The breath of scandal never touched either of them. At the funeral the duke and his son acted as chief mourners. The engraved inscription on the silver plate of the coffin acknowledged Mrs. Fitz-George as the duke's wife. This open recognition might not have been made if the duke had so willed. But his bearing and conduct showed him to be a man of heart, and it has pleased the multitude. Though not received at court, Mrs. Fitz-George was very popular with the younger members of the royal family. The queen fully recognized her fidelity and usefulness to her royal relative. Her majesty and the Princess of Wales both sent warm expressions of sympathy to the duke.

The gentlemen who run the cable from the other side of the Atlantic Ferry tell us Sarah Bernhardt made an immense hit in "Joan of Arc," a new play by Borner. The audience was carried away with passionate enthusiasm at her patriotic outburst in the part. Bernhardt has always posed as a lover

of France. At a public banquet given in Copenhagen in her honor some years ago, Bernhardt responded to a toast, and, looking straight at the Ambassador of Germany, who sat opposite her, exclaimed, with theatrical fervor: "I drink to my dear France, but to united, not dismembered France! I drink to her warlike glory in the past and her battle triumphs and deep revenge in the future!"

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A WEEK OF WOE.

Several States in the Union Take the Passion Prizes.

COQUETTING WITH LOVE.

The Boys and Girls Got There Last Week,

AND HAD AN AWFUL TIME.

Conduct That is Really and Truly Reprehensible.

"TOMMY RATS" TELLS THE TALE.

The gods were kept exceedingly busy last week in grinding out sensations and some of them are exceedingly sensational. When the gods spit upon their hands and pull themselves together, determined to swell the passions of poor mortals, they generally arrive on schedule time, and it becomes necessary to side-track the other trains.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., AGAIN.

It does truly appear as if Birmingham, Alabama, couldn't stop wriggling and emitting out sensational news if she tried. The famous Alabama town was the author of another sensation during the week.

On the day referred to the bediamonded clerk of one of the leading hotels was confronted by a pretty, plump, pleasing, pert and petite woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Chas. R. Miller of Dallas, Tex. She sent for the manager of the hotel and explained that she had married Charles R. Miller of Birmingham in Texas seven years ago. She said he deserted her immediately after the ceremony without a word of ex-



SHE WANTS AN EXPLANATION.

planation, and she heard nothing from him until a few days prior, when, by accident, she learned that he was living in Birmingham. She said she had come to see him and ask an explanation of his strange conduct, but not to attempt to live with him.

Miller is the son of a wealthy banker, and is himself prominent in business and social circles. He was supposed to be unmarried, and it is reported he is engaged to a prominent young society lady of a neighboring city. A messenger was sent to Miller's office with a note from his alleged wife. Instead of calling at the hotel, Miller took the first train out of the city. A brother of Miller's, accompanied by an attorney, called at the hotel and had a long conference with the lady from Texas. What terms they made with her could not be learned; but she left the city to return to her home in Texas. Miller returned to Birmingham later, but refused to say one word about the affair.

Society circles in the lively town are loosing this sweet morsel of gossip under their tongues, and Miller is the object of a large share of the attentions of the gossips.

A CINCINNATI, ARK., LOVE STORY.

Here comes a love story from Cincinnati, Ark. Cincinnati, Ark., is a lovely place nor' by nor' east of Talequah, I. T., and it is made more lovely by the fact that it is the abiding place of jolly Minnie Hall, the daughter of the Rev. Hall, a Bible pounder of the cross-section.

Now, I'm going to tell the story as it has been told to me. In the vicinity of Cincinnati lives and labors the Rev. Mr. Hall, a minister of the gospel and the father of one of the prettiest girls in the district, by name Minnie. William Smith is a farm hand who is, or was, employed by a neighbor of the preacher. Smith, being above the average for good looks, succeeded in getting into the good graces of the minister's daughter. The old minister had been informed of the very close connection existing between the two, but he never said a word.

One Sunday recently the old man, on returning from Sabbath school service, found his daughter and Mr. Smith together; moreover, Mr. Smith had one arm around Miss Hall's waist. This sight aroused the Rev. Mr. Hall's temper to an uncontrollable pitch, and he proceeded to do up Mr. Smith in one round, the young lover coming out of the fight with swollen eyes and a sprained wrist. He was immediately dismissed,

but this seemed to have no effect on the strong attachment between the two lovers.

On the following night, by means of a ladder placed at the window of the girl's bedroom, she escaped, and, accompanied by her lover, hid herself to the beautiful prairies of the Indian Territory, taking with her one of the best horses on the farm, together with \$100 in cash.

On awakening next morning and finding his daughter missing, the reverend gentleman, with one other man, commenced a pursuit with bloodhounds, leaving at 12 o'clock at night and proceeding on to Brad's Station. Since leaving it has been learned that the young couple preceded the pursuing couple some hours and succeeded in getting married and making their escape by the valley railroad.

FROM CONNECTICUT TO COLORADO.

That booming town, Kansas City, Mo., had a sensation recently which proved that the number "13" is keeping up its reputation for luck. On the day re-

his aunt. "The old lady meant well," he said, "and I will not help make her notorious."

Then Mr. Swanton hopped aboard the train with "spank" depicted on every lineament.

A SPRINGFIELD, O., MAIDEN'S LOVERS.

There is no prettier girl in all Springfield, O., than Maggie Sells. It is not the least bit of exaggeration to say that nearly every gallant in Springfield was mashed on pretty Maggie, but the two who had the inside track were John Davis and Ed Smith. Both "Jack" and Ed had besought members of the Sells family to whoop up Maggie's affections in their behalf, and thus the Sells family became somewhat divided, and the brothers and father of the girl took a stand against mother and daughter. Their choice of the two young men was John Davis, while the girl and her mother favored Smith. The brothers went to Anderson, Ind., a month ago and contracted to build ten houses. Davis has considerable knowledge of the lumber bus-

she wanted him to do she would answer, "Go out and find McGinty."

These jokes became so time-worn that in a short while none of the family paid any attention to them. Soon, however, she took a new tack, and several



THEY LOVED AWFULLY.



SHE WOULD AND HE WOODED, BUT THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T.

members of the household heard her shouting, "Down went McGinty" at the top of her voice in the bath room. They rushed up-stairs where they discovered Mrs. Donohue entirely disrobed.

"I am McGinty," she exclaimed to her astonished relatives, "and here I go to the bottom of the sea." With that she jumped into the bath tub head first, severely bruising her face. She was secured with some difficulty, and a physician was quickly summoned. He pronounced her completely bereft of reason, and she was taken to the Philadelphia Hospital. While there she tried to get her head into the tin cups in which her drinking water had been placed, and failing in this she used the cups to play tit-tat-toe.

It appears from the foregoing that the state of the thermometer takes no part in the state of the affection of the madding throng.



"MRS. M'GINTY."

Say, reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, doesn't it strike you in that way? Now, honor bright!

TOMMY RATS.

ON THE RAMPAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. George K. McNeal, of No. 28 Cass street, Cannon Lake, Minn., was in the kitchen of his home recently, when he was startled at hearing three shots fired in rapid succession, coming from the bedroom in which his four children slept. Before he could turn around Mrs. McNeal rushed from her bedroom in her nightclothes with a 44-calibre revolver in her right hand and a bottle of carbolic acid in the other. She pointed the revolver at her husband, but he disarmed her and forced her into a chair, immediately after which she swooned away. Rushing to the bedroom, a sickening sight met the husband's gaze. The blood was streaming from the right temple of little Ida, aged six years, and she was already dead. Mary, a babe of six weeks, had been shot through the forehead. Henry, a boy of four years, was shot through the left lung. He died two hours later. To Oliver, a boy of two years, she gave a drink of carbolic acid and then drank the rest of the contents of the bottle herself. The doctors say both Mrs. McNeal and the child Oliver will die. Insanity was the cause of the tragedy.

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ASTONISHED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

About five thousand people recently attended the funeral of Miss Laura Dixon of Elizabeth, N. J., who committed suicide because her lover George Weimer, discarded her and married another girl. When the coach containing the father and sisters of the dead girl was passing Weimer's house, the blinds of which were tightly closed, one of the Dixon girls gave vent to piercing shrieks and tried to throw herself out of the vehicle. It was all her father and the other inmates of the coach could do to restrain her, and finally the intensity of her emotions caused her to swoon.

JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fatal fight occurred a few miles south of Shelbyville, Ill., recently. Miss Lucy Stapp charged Mrs. Thomas Askins with having spoken "derogatory of her character" and began to strike her with a stick of wood. She soon, however, dropped the stick, and drawing a knife cut her victim's throat. Miss Stapp escaped. Mrs. Askins cannot recover.

LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day,



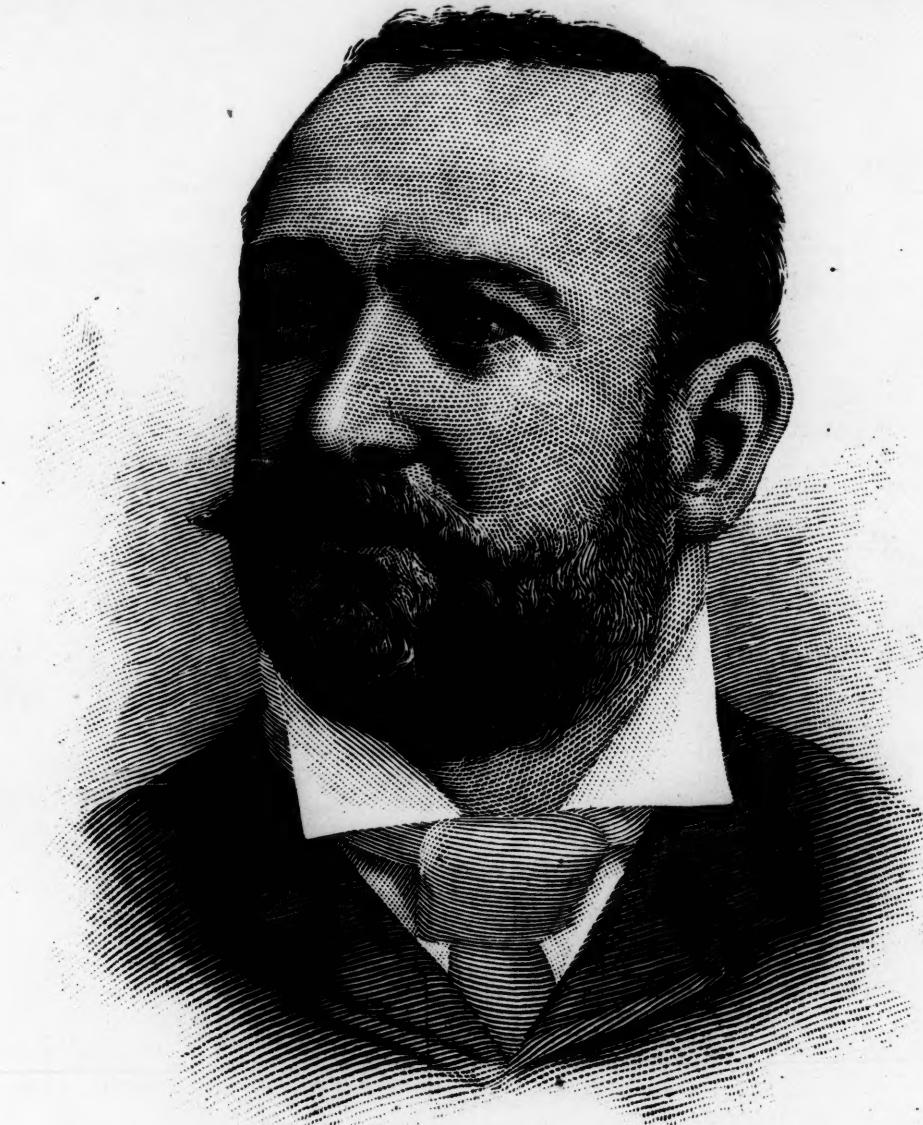
AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED.

Canon City, Col. When I asked her what she meant by such a piece of extreme foolishness, she said she had plenty of money, and that she hoped to make the children happy by seeing them married. She offered to support the young people handsomely until the young man is able to earn a good living for his wife. Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, reputable people living in Ansonia, are the parents of the girl. Mr. Smith is a mechanic. Mr. Swanton would not give the name of

TWO GREAT BOOKS. —Bella Starr; or, The Female Outlaw of the West; and Devil Anse; or, The Hatfield McCoy Outlaws. Handsomely illustrated; 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



"NELLIE BLY,"
THE FASCINATING YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN KNOCKING
PHILEAS FOGG INTO A COCKED HAT.



HE KNOWS A GOOD SHOW.
AUGUSTUS HARRIS, THE POPULAR MANAGER OF THE COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY
LANE THEATRES IN LONDON.



ELIZABETH BISLAND.
THE CHARMING AROUND-THE-WORLD GIRL WHO ALSO DUMPED JULES VERNE'S
HERO INTO THE CONSOMME.



THEY WANT "JOHNNIE'S" SCALP.
A NEW YORK DUDE INVITES TEN EXCIDIINGLY ENTICING GAIETY GIRLS TO A
WINE SUPPER BUT THEY ONLY GET BEER.



A CHARMING SOUBRETTE.
"MISS" CARRIE MAYNARD, WHO, IN ADDITION TO HER HISTRIONIC POWERS, IS A
CHAMPION WALKER WITH A RECORD.



WHERE IS THOMAS PALMER?

FOR WHOSE CAPTURE SHERIFF GOWEN OF LAWRENCE COUNTY,
ILL., OFFERS TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

JIMMY HAS SKIPPED.

ASSISTANT CASHIER KENT OF THE C., C., C. & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD
SKEDADDLES FROM CAIRO, ILL., WITH A BODDLE.

ELOPED WITH HIS NIECE.

L. L. BAKER, AN AGED KANSAS FARMER, WHO COVETED A
CHARMING HUNTINGTON COUNTY, PA., GIRL.



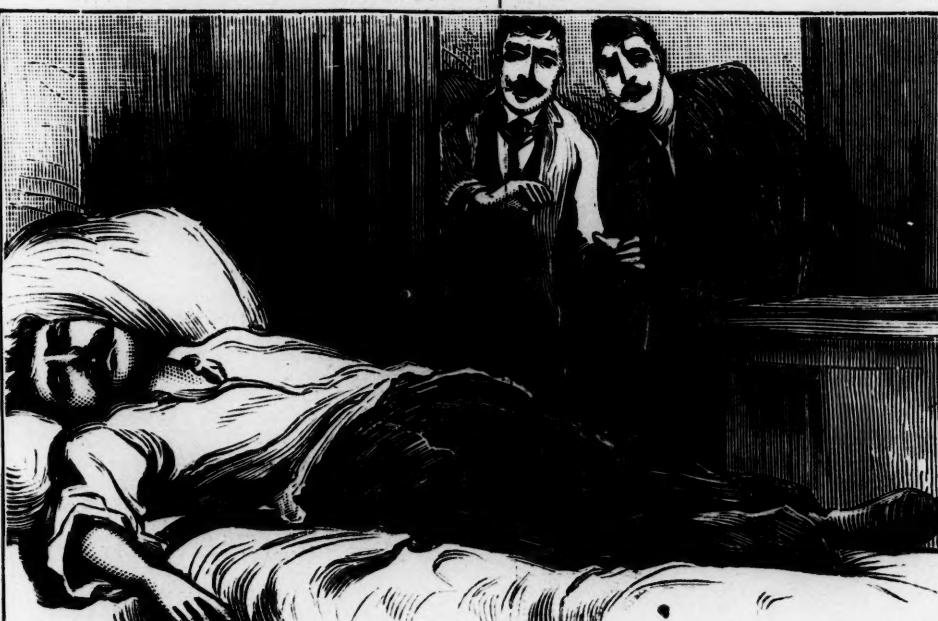
ON THE RAMPAGE.

MRS. GEORGE K. M'NEAL, WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN OF CANNON LAKE,
MINN., BECOMES INSANE AND SCOURGES HER FAMILY.



MIMICKED THE HOG-KILLING.

TWO SONS OF CHARLES MARTIN OF ABBEVILLE, ALA., SCALD THEIR YOUNGER
BROTHER TO DEATH IN A TUB OF BOILING WATER.



DID HE MEAN IT?

A PROMINENT TROY, N. Y., CITIZEN BLOWS HIS LAST GAS OUT BECAUSE, AS
HE SAID, OF HIS WIFE'S UNFAITHFULNESS.



JEALOUSY THE CAUSE.

MISS LUCY STAPP, OF SHELBYVILLE, ILL., USES CORD-WOOD ON AN ALLEGED
UNSOCIAL NEIGHBOR WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.



THEY HELD UP THE TRAIN.

MASKED MEN MAKE THINGS VERY LIVELY FOR THE CREW OF A TRAIN ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC ROAD NEAR TULARE, CAL.

VERY NAUGHTY GIRLS.

They Kissy Kissy and Huggy Huggy Right in Church.

DIGHTON, MASS., RIPPED UP.

The Parson and His Flock Have a Scrapping Match.

WICKED GIRLIES AND NAUGHTY CHAPPIES.

Dighton, Mass., adjacent to Taunton, and one of the prettiest little villages that can be found in Benburister, has a pain in its side. The grip hasn't maneuvered down that way, but Dighton has a pain in its side, allee samee.

"Brick Church," the taoun meetin' house, and its



KISSY KISSY IN THE CHURCH.

good pastor, Rev. Asa N. Dyer, are the cause of the circus.

"Brick Church" is so called because it is a church and is constructed of brick. Rev. Asa N. Dyer is so called because—well, because that is his name. After having explained these mysteries let us unwind our tale.

The church war was at first no bigger than a man's hand, but now it has attained the elephantine proportions of a Chicago girl's foot or a fresh reporter's gall, and the surrounding locality is being shaken from centre to circumference and all around its periphery.

The girls of the congregation were fond of playing kissy-kissy with the male lambs of the flock and the shepherd waxed wroth and kicked.

"Brick Church," as it is called, had not learned how to conduct social gatherings without resorting to those old-fashioned kissing games. Their church sociables were veritable kissing bees, and the sport was not indulged in exclusively by the younger people either. Ripe old spinsters were just as enthusiastic over "Copenhagen," "London bridge" and "post office" as were the younger people. This was the condition of affairs when the Rev. Asa N. Dyer accepted the pastorate.



AN UNWILLING SQUEEZE.

The good pastor observed with pleasure at first the manifestations of friendly interest in the welfare of one another among the people of his flock, as evinced at the almost nightly gatherings; but his pleasure was changed to alarm when he saw the sanctuary filled with males and females whose only thoughts seemed to be of an osculatory nature. When he saw that elderly maidens vied with blushing damsels in participation in the fascinating games, and gleefully counted the number of times each had passed through the pleasurable ordeal, and that the sanctuary had been turned into a house for kissing bees, then Mr. Dyer put his foot down, and the result was persecution.

Notwithstanding the fact that Parson Dyer was compelled to wear his finger-nails off up to his cuff-buttons in picking up his yearly stipend, which was extremely attenuated, he had a well-developed foot, and when he put it down the town trembled. So did the church.

Every night when Rev. Asa had finished his sixteenth and was picking his way homeward he would hear strange noises under the trees and by the wayside, and he soon became aware of the fact that the same old gum games that had been enacted in the church were spreading among the surrounding atmosphere.

He could see ladies of more or less certain age chasing young fellows over the fences and through the pasture lots, and the elderly maidens in every instance had their mouths pucker'd up as if they were determined to get there or burst a corset string. His congregation began to deplete. Most of the young fellows had begun to swear off from going to church, and scolded the woods and roosted high when they saw a spinster approach. They were always on deck,

the minister offered the deputy sheriff \$5 for his labor, which he refused, saying that a society mean enough to refuse to pay him for his services, when ordered by it, would pay the minister too small a salary for him to lose any of it.

The war continues, but the boys and girls play "chewey, chewey" just as hard.

OUR CHAMPION AGENT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We take pleasure this week in introducing to our many readers the portrait of George Dufrane, the POLICE GAZETTE champion agent. As will be seen, Mr. Dufrane, like our friend "McGinty," is dressed in his new suit of clothes—the POLICE GAZETTE uniform. Mr. Dufrane is known the world over as a long distance walker. He was born in Troy, N. Y., in the year 1850. His first race was from Jefferson Market, this city, to the Getty House, Yonkers, and back, which he did in five and a half hours. He then entered a seventy-hour race at Boston. At the end of the race he had covered 318 miles. We next hear of him at Amsterdam, N. Y., in a seventy-five-hour race. He came in first with 300 miles to his credit. At Madison Square Garden, in a six-day race, he covered 510 miles. He has taken part in more than thirty races, and is a prime favorite among the fancy.



however, when the pretty, buxom, enticing girls had a party, and whenever this occurred everybody in town imagined that the Fourth of July had changed with the climate, and that the boys and girls were firing off fire-crackers and torpedoes.

Even when the parson dropped in to have a cup of tea, the young villains and villainesses were not deterred, and they played "I stand in the well," "Forfeits," and "Chewey, chewey, who's got the gum?" just the same as if the parson was in his own cellar splitting wood.

And so the parson, determining that the crisis which was to have arrove had arrived, put down his foot. Then the young girls, and girls more or less young, kicked—and war to the knife was declared.

Parson Dyer had noticed that the collections had been gradually diminishing, and fearing that, if this state of things continued, the heathen would go broke, he



put down the other foot. Then more trouble was wafted into the camp.

The choir sang through their noses jest for spite, and upon making a tour of the church the parson discovered a large array of empty rum bottles, which reckless young men had left in pews. The voice of the parson was often drowned in the aggravating noises of breaking brittle candy. Powder was burned at the very door of the church, smoke was blown through the apertures during service, and hundreds of such petty tricks were played by the graceless scamps who had taken umbrage at the minister's



course in checking promiscuous embracing and kissing. Then the church society dispatched a messenger to Taunton for a deputy sheriff to attend to the matter, and he drove one young man out of town. The society afterward refused to pay for two days' services, and

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A FAMED PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In our collection of sporting portraits this week will be found that of Felix Vauquelin, of New Orleans, where he was born 23 years ago. At an early age he evinced love for the manly art, and his many successes against all comers caused some of his admirers to make a match with Pat Allen, an English unknown, whom Felix found but very little trouble in knocking out. He next met Curry, of New Orleans, whom he did up in four rounds. He then met the heavy-weight Bozetto, of Mississippi, whom he vanquished in one round. Flush with victory he openly declared himself as willing to meet anyone at his weight, which def was promptly taken by Lem McGregor. The battle was fought at West End on the 30th of November last, and again victory smiled on Vauquelin after fighting 11 rounds. Vauquelin is booked to meet Jake Kilrain on February 2.

RATS IN HIS GARRET.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The chorus and ballet girls of the "Kajanka" company, while playing at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently, had the honor of meeting "Professor" Denton, "America's Spiritual Adviser." The professor is a local celebrity with rats in his garret, or, in other words, with some "buttons" missing. Tom Murphy, a Brooklyn billposter, induced Denton to deliver a lecture to the girls. When the professor arrived at the theatre the girls were rehearsing. As he stepped upon the stage he was immediately taken in hand by the girls. He was dragged around the stage, made to do stunts, make speeches and numerous other things that only a ballet girl can think of. The stage manager finally put a stop to the fun by handing Denton over to the police. Justice Walsh released him when he learned it was all a joke.

WHO WILL ACCOMMODATE HIM?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Frank Cox, better known as "Scotty," the featherweight champion pugilist of Australia, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in April, 1863, of Irish parents. He stands 5 feet 2½ inches in height and weighs 132 pounds—trained, about 116 pounds. Cox has fought many battles in Australia, and upon his arrival in Buffalo, N. Y., fought Tommy Barnes of England, Jan. 7, 1890, for a purse of \$500, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Barnes was declared the winner by a foul, after eight rounds had been fought in 33 minutes. Cox is now in New York, and wants to meet any man in America at 116 pounds for a purse, any rules.

THEY HELD UP THE TRAIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The south-bound passenger train on the Central Pacific road was stopped recently by two masked men about seven miles north of Tulare, Cal. The robbers climbed over the tender to the engine and compelled the engineer to stop the train. They then forced the engineer and fireman to go with them and ordered the express man to open the door. The amount taken is not known, but it is said to be about \$25,000. The robbers made the engineer and fireman accompany them some distance from the train. A tramp stealing a ride was mistaken for a trainman and the robbers shot him in the head. He may recover.

MIMICKED THE HOG KILLING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Near Abbeville, Henry county, Ala., there was a hog killing on the farm of Charles Martin recently. Mr. Martin's three little boys were interested spectators to the killing. Their ages ranged from four to ten years. While all the men were in the house the two older children decided that it would be a good joke to dip their younger brother into the tub of boiling water, as they had seen the men dip the hogs. They plunged the child into the scalding water up to his neck. Before they could get him out he was fatally scalded, and died a few minutes later.

ELOPED WITH HIS NIECE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of I. L. Baker, a Kansas farmer, aged sixty-three years, who recently eloped with his sixteen-year-old niece, Miss Minnie Reed, the charming daughter of Washington Reed, one of Truagh Creek, Huntington county, Pa.'s, most prosperous and influential farmers. The elopement has created considerable excitement in the Truagh Creek settlement. Miss Reed wrote a letter to her sister saying she was happy and was going with her husband to his Western home, Media, Kan.

A NOVEL FIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A novel battle was fought on the outskirts of Scranton, Pa., recently by a Scotchman and an Englishman. They had got into a dispute, and it was agreed that they should settle the affair by giving one another a single fist punch in the centre of the forehead. The one who failed to fall was to be declared the better man, but if neither went down on the first trial they were to try it again, and if each stood up at the end of the second bout the match was to be called a draw.

The Englishman won the first hit. Then the word was given, and the Englishman struck out with his left and hit the Scotchman squarely in the middle of the forehead. He staggered back for ten or twelve feet, but he didn't lose his balance, although he came very near it. Then the Englishman toed the line, and the big Scotchman doubled up his right fist and knocked the Englishman flat. He fell as though he had been hit with an axe, and for several minutes he didn't move a muscle. In 11 minutes he was able to stand up.

SCANDAL IN A MADHOUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The little god whose picture usually depicts him dressed in a broad smile and a bow and arrow has been creating considerable trouble in the asylum at Columbus, O. Recently James Gill, an attendant at the asylum, eloped with pretty Miss Hattie Green, a patient from Bucyrus, O. Gill left a wife, who has applied for a divorce. While Gill and Miss Green were billing and cooing in the upper portion of the asylum, Oscar Daniels, the son of O. G. Daniels, a wealthy citizen of Mount Vernon, O., was down in the kitchen wooing Miss May Langley, superintendent of the kitchen. A few nights ago Superintendent McMillen and Supervisor Madigan forced open the door of Miss Langley's room and found young Daniels and her there together. Miss Langley received her walking papers.

THEY WANT "JO INNIE'S" SCALP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Eddy" Sands, a well-known young dandy-about-town, who is better known by the Gaiety girls as a "Johnny," has lost his favor with the frisky damsels. He recently invited ten of the girls to a champagne supper to take place at the Gedney House, this city. He said he would also invite nine of his brother "Johnnies" to accompany him. One of the girls insisted that her father be invited. This was agreed to. When the night of the supper arrived the only man who came was the young woman's father, who did the best he could and treated to beer. It is said that young Sands' ma would not put up the cash with which to pay for the supper.

IT ENDED IN A FREE FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Four hundred Denver, Col., sports took a special train recently and went outside of Arapahoe county to witness a fight between Ed Smith of Denver and Kessler of Montana. The men were evenly matched. At the beginning of the seventh round the friends of the principals began to quarrel. The ropes were broken down, and the fight became general, everybody hammering right and left. The fight ended in a general all-round slugging match, while the pugilists were rushed into the cars and locked up.

WHERE IS THOMAS PALMER?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sheriff Lewis Gowan, of Lawrence county, Ill., has offered a reward of \$200 for the arrest of Thomas Palmer, who is alleged to have murdered Constable Geo. Bopp, near Sumner, Lawrence county, Ill., on the night of December 26, 1889. Palmer is five feet six inches tall, weighs 140 pounds; age, 22 years; dark hair, small dark moustache, gray eyes and wears a No. 7 hat. Those wishing to earn the reward should study his portrait, which will be found on another page.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCKS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty Miss Lizzie Savidge of Darby, Pa., is greatly grieved at the loss of her beautiful tresses. A few days ago Mrs. Savidge returned to her home to find Lizzie lying on the floor unconscious, with her hair, which was the envy of the other girls of the village, cut off close to her head. She had been chloroformed. It is thought the deed was committed by a jealous rival.

A CHARMING SOUBrette.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the smiling face of Carrie Maynard. Mrs. Maynard is fast gaining laurels and friends as a soubrette, character change artist and walker. She has won two six-day walking matches, beating in the last one the champion female walker of the world, Miss Bertha Von Berg. Carrie is the wife of Harry Maynard, the well-known musical king of the Pacific Slope.

SERIOUS RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A serious runaway accident occurred at Rahway recently in which three persons were injured. Richard Hurley, with Winslow, Lanier & Co., brokers, of this city, was thrown from his carriage and hurt, his horse was killed, and Miss F. Wilmot escaped with an injured back. Frank Coventry was thrown from his carriage, and both carriages were demolished by the collision.

SHE YELLED FOR KEEPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mary Ann Reilly, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Patrick Reilly, a livery stable keeper of Jamaica, L. I., was awakened recently by the noise of footsteps in her room. By the dim light in the room she discovered the figure of a man gliding about. Miss Reilly buried her head under the bed quilts and screamed. The intruder fled.

A CHAMPION ENGLISH "JOCK."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of "Sammy" Loates, of the famous Loates Brothers, will be found on another page. Loates is the champion English jockey of '89, having won the most mounts throughout the Kingdom. He has hosts of friends and is very popular on the English turf.

JIMMY HAS SKIPPED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James E. Kent, assistant cashier of the Cairo, Ill., office of the C. C. C. & St. Louis railroad system, has left for parts unknown with about \$1,436.00 of the company's money. The embezzling has been going on for some time past. His portrait appears elsewhere.

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A JOLLY MINSTREL.

A Story of Largely Misplaced Affections.

A KANSAS CITY ROMANCE

That Started in Peoria, Ill., and Went West.

A VERY SPICY AND JUICY STORY.

Nearly everybody in the country knows James, otherwise "Jimmy" Hennessey. Jimmy has gained fame as the leader of the Cleveland Minstrel Troupe; he has had many ups and downs in life, and he has upped and downed them all. He came very near being downed, however, a week or ago, and the sports of St. Joe and Kansas City are wondering how in thunder he pulled himself together and brught his life home with him. Jimmy has a heart as large as his foot, and is so



ROOM NO. 3.

handsome that corsets bulge when he is around the neighborhood.

Some of the wild Western papers are telling strange stories about Jimmy, and if they are true they maintain James' reputation as a violator of susceptibilities.

Right around the corner from Police Headquarters, in Kansas City, where Mayor J. J. Davenport and his friendly face and big, good-natured fellowship used to reside; right around the corner from Police Headquarters, where Chief of Police Thomas M. Speers and Secretary Sprague Taylor have their being; right around where Al Patel, Fred Fox, and Captain Branham, and Sergeant Schrumpf, and innumerable other good fellows, including my fat German friend, Hugo Becker; right where Charlie Byrne, the dapper manager of the Brooklyn Baseball club, and Char-



THE CLERK ASTONISHED.

ley Ebbits monkeyed with the writer of these few stanzas; right where—but, stay!—is a hotel.

The writer started out to tell a story, and he is going to do it.

The wild Western papers tell this story about James. To quote from a poet, whose birthmark the writer has forgotten:

"I know not how the truth may be.
I tell it as 'twas told to me."

James Hennessey, the leader of the band and orchestra of the Cleveland minstrels, did not tell his friends in St. Joseph when there, but he had a narrow escape from a violent death in Kansas City, at the hands of an outraged husband. It appears that his manly beauty as he headed that glittering pageant proved too much for the constancy of a young married lady in Peoria, Ill. After the company left that city she stood the separation as long as her woman's heart could bear up under such a burden, and then deserted home and husband to join the new idol. She reached Kansas City, and was soon in room No. 3 of the Windsor, the register bearing this significant legend, "James Hennessey and wife."

Early the next morning a middle-aged, well-dressed and fine-appearing gentleman entered the office of the St. James Hotel, and in an agitated manner asked Clerk Traber.

"Does it make any difference whether I register under my right name or not?"

On being assured that it made not the slightest difference in the world the excited gentleman wrote upon the register in a hand that was most palpably disguised, "T. O. Davidson, New York."

Immediately after this rechristening Mr. Davidson made inquiry for the Chief of Police, and, being di-

rected, started off with a decidedly bloodthirsty air. When the Chief had heard his story, he detailed an officer to assist him, and the search for the wayward wife began. Fearing that the impetuosity of the husband might interfere in the work he had in hand, the officer sent him to his hotel and took up the trail alone. By the help of a member of the company he soon located the guilty pair, and by six o'clock Mr. Davidson was promised an interview with the despoiler of

them out. The tourists objected to being awakened so early, and started to "do up" the preacher. In a few minutes four tramps, looking as though they might have been through a threshing machine, were seen flying up the railroad track at a 2:40 gait. The minister had vanquished the four single-handed.

THE GLOBE TROTTERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

This week we present to our readers the portrait of Miss "Nellie Bly," who has succeeded in girdling the earth in behalf of the *New York World*. Miss Bly's object was to lower "Phileas Fogg's" famous record of eighty days. If such a thing were possible, Miss Nellie was the one to do it, and she got there. "Nellie Bly" is a *nom de plume*. The young lady's real name is Pink Elizabeth Cochrane. She has been in the newspaper business about four years, and is a Pittsburgh, Pa., girl. She did her first newspaper work on the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. Since coming to New York she has been connected with the *World*. Nellie is credited with being the possessor of an extremely bright set of brains, and it rather looks that way.

Nellie's rival in the globe-trotting act is Miss Elizabeth Bieland, whose portrait also appears in this issue. Miss Elizabeth represents the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in her round-the-world expedition, and comes of an old Louisiana family, and is a woman of cultivation and great energy of character. She made her way by sheer self-assertion, and energy and dash assured her success in her tour around the world. A mishap delayed her in England, and that is why she did not arrive sooner.

A GREAT WRESTLING TOURNAMENT.

An international wrestling tournament will be held in this city during the third week in February. The conditions will be best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can, for the "Police Gazette" trophy and the championship and fifty per cent. of the gate money—twenty-five per cent. to the winner, fifteen per cent. to the second, and ten per cent. to the third. The entrance fee will be \$25 and will be added to the gate money the winning contestants are to receive. The entries are to be made at the POLICE GAZETTE office and will close on Monday, February 10. Richard K. Fox will appoint the referee. The winner of the "Police Gazette" trophy will have to accept all challenges and win the trophy three times before it becomes his personal property.

The following well-known wrestlers have announced that they will compete: Sebastian Miller, the Strong Man of Germany; Hugh Leonard, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Jack Carkeet, the champion Cornish wrestler; Drago, the Australian Hercules; Ajax, the Man of Iron; Greek George, of Peoria, Ill.; Ernest Roebert, the champion of New York; J. W. Kennedy, of Quincy, Ill.; Milo, the Greek champion; August Schmidt, the well-known German wrestler, and others.

VICTIMS OF A FEUD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

R. M. Long, a Guyandot county, Ky., constable, was found recently in his bed murdered, and his wife desperately wounded. A band of the McCoy faction had entered their house and riddled Long's body with bullets, while his wife received a ghastly wound in the face from which she will die. Long was a member of the Hatfield family.

BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T FLIRT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A score or more of girls employed at the Housatonic Brass Company's factory in Birmingham, Conn., recently went on a strike because the foreman, W. W. Holmes, had the windows painted to keep the girls from flirting with men on the street. The strikers say the foreman must go.

DID HE MEAN IT?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lorenzo D. Rice, a prominent citizen of Troy, N. Y., recently committed suicide at the American House by turning on the gas. He left two letters, one to his wife and one to his brother, George S. Rice. In the letter to his brother he accused him of being too intimate with his wife.

EARL WHEELER'S GOOD LUCK.

Ticket No. 98,455 drew the capital prize of \$600,000 in the December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. One-fortieth of this ticket was held by Earl Wheeler, who lives at No. 69 Grove street in this city. Mr. Wheeler therefore was entitled to receive \$15,000. A Democrat reporter to-day called at the home of the fortunate man. At first he refused to say anything about the matter. By the use of a little strategy, however, the reporter succeeded in getting from him an admission of the facts as follows:

"Yes, I held one-fortieth of the winning ticket, and was entitled to \$15,000. I was first made aware of it on receipt of the official notice of the winners sent out by the company. I have had altogether five tickets in the lottery, paying out \$5 all told. I will not say anything more on the matter, other than that I held the ticket absolutely and no one was entitled to a division of the prize, as has been reported."

Upon further inquiry the reporter learned that Mr. Wheeler placed the ticket in the hands of Bunker J. Vedder Morris for collection, and Agent B. F. Oliver, of the American Express Company, paid Mr. Morris the amount, less \$101.55 express charges, on the 10th instant. Mr. Morris deposited the amount in the Farmers' National Bank in his own name at the request of Mr. Wheeler. The latter dislikes notoriety, hence this roundabout proceeding. That the amount has been received and that the Louisiana State Lottery Company fulfilled its obligations Mr. Morris verifies, and his word cannot be questioned.

Mr. Wheeler is 23 years of age and lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerus Wheeler. He is employed in Inman's box shop, but has not been working of late, the shop having shut down. He is a young man of exemplary habits and of a naturally retiring disposition.—*Amsterdam (N. Y.) Democrat*, January 17.

Admirers of Henry E. Searle, the late champion oarsman of the world, in England are engaged in obtaining the signatures of leading aquatic patrons, press representatives and amateur and professional oarsmen, to be appended to a work of art on vellum, for ultimate dispatch to Australia and presentation to Searle's parents, as a token of sympathy from Englishmen.

JACKSON IN NEW YORK.

The Colored Champion Greeted by a Host of Friends.

SMITH'S CONQUEROR INTERVIEWED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion of New South Wales and the Pacific Slope, returned from his victorious tour in England on the White Star steamer Adriatic on Monday morning, Jan. 27.

Jackson was accompanied by Fitzpatrick, "the Australian Comet," and W. W. McNaughton, of Australia, who both left New York with Jackson, Jack Fallon and Chas. E. Davies, the manager of the great pugilist, last summer. It had not been announced the exact time the White Star ocean greyhound would arrive with the distinguished prize ring hero, or there would have been thousands at the steamer's dock to welcome him. Nevertheless, a great crowd of sporting men were on hand to give the conqueror of England's champion a royal welcome. Long before the steamer was due at the dock carriage after carriage rolled up in front of West Tenth street dock filled with sporting men, who were eager to congratulate Jackson on his great success in England.

Among those present were: P. J. Sharkey of the Americus House, a warm admirer of pugilists; Rod McMahon, Bob Smith, Frank Stevenson, Jack Fallon of Brooklyn, John Kelly, the champion baseball umpire; Dominick Leonard, Matty Corbett, E. F. Mallahan, Harry Walcott and Wm. E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

Many had been waiting for hours merely to catch a glimpse of the only pugilist that ever went to England to meet a champion of that country and was victorious, or, at least, received the decision of the referee in his favor. Of course it is prize ring history that Yankee Sullivan left this country in 1840 to fight Homer Lane, but the latter was not champion, and Charley Freeman, the American Giant, also went from this country and defeated Bill Perry, the Tipton Shaker, but it was not a championship contest, nor was there any interest at that time manifested over the result.

Heenan went over to fight Tom Sayers in 1860, and the best he received was a draw. Kilrain went over in 1887 to fight Jem Smith for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$10,000 and the championship of the world and did not win; but Peter Jackson did accomplish what no pugilist ever did that left these shores—beat the genuine champion of England in his own stronghold and won in a gallop, the battle not lasting five minutes.

While the Adriatic was being docked the tall form of Jackson, surrounded by a number of passengers, could be discerned on the deck, and when the majority of the crowd discovered him there were shouts of "Welcome, Peter." "You fixed Jem Smith," "Bully boy, Jackson," etc.

Charles E. Davies, better known as "the Parson," to whom Jackson in a great measure owes his success in England, had been early at the dock with many sporting men of New York and Brooklyn, and Davies was also one of the attractions, and was followed to and fro by a large crowd of the curious.

After the steamer had been docked Jackson's admirers quickly boarded the Adriatic, and he was introduced to many friends by Chas. E. Davies. Jackson was dressed in the height of fashion, and he said he "was pleased to get back to the United States." Few persons who saw Jackson and did not know he was a pugilist would ever dream that he was the man that had beaten George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe, the Frisco Giant, and crowned his fatal career by defeating Jem Smith, the champion of England.

The POLICE GAZETTE representative informed Jackson that he had been sent specially by Richard K. Fox to invite him to the POLICE GAZETTE office and that the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE had sent him his regards.

Jackson said: "I am going to call on Mr. Fox. He was at my battle with Jem Smith in the Pelican Club, and I think he was as pleased as Mr. Charles E. Davies that I won."

In reference to his trip Jackson said he had a stormy passage and that he had been seasick, and when he was informed that his proposed match with John L. Sullivan had fell through, Sullivan refusing to fight for a \$15,000 purse, Jackson was greatly disappointed and said:

"I am sorry that Mr. Sullivan and myself are not going to meet in the ring. I do not say that I can defeat Mr. Sullivan, but if the California Athletic Club had offered inducements to Mr. Sullivan to meet me I should certainly have been ready at the time appointed."

In regard to what Jackson proposes to do he said that Chas. E. Davies would arrange a programme, and that he should carry it out in every detail, for he had full confidence in Charley Davies as a manager and believed him the best adviser in business matters and a successful one.

After Jackson left the dock carriages were engaged, and Jackson, with Chas. E. Davies and the POLICE GAZETTE representative, etc., breakfasted, and then, accompanied by Charles E. Davies and a few friends, visited the POLICE GAZETTE office.

Long before Jackson arrived at the POLICE GAZETTE building a large crowd of sporting men were on hand to receive him, and Franklin Square presented a lively appearance, and when Jackson arrived he was loudly cheered. Jackson was entertained in the POLICE GAZETTE office by Richard K. Fox. He examined the "Police Gazette" champion 1000-pound dumbbell and the two big pictures of John L. Sullivan, and bumpers of wine were drunk. Large delegations came to see Jackson.

There is one thing that must be said in Jackson's favor. He is gentlemanly and modest in his demeanor and he does not boast of his prowess. He can mingle in the best of society, and he is a pride to his profession. He believes thoroughly in Australia's motto—"Advance."

He appeared at Hyde and Behman's theatre, Brooklyn, Monday night, and received a tremendous reception, the theatre being packed.

Jackson requested Richard K. Fox, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to return his thanks to the many sporting men in England and Ireland for the many acts of courtesy and kindness he had received in Great Britain.

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



THE CHIEF GETS IT.

his happiness. Before this meeting was allowed to take place, however, the bloodthirsty husband was deprived of his revolver for fear he might forget the promises he had made of maintaining the peace, and the precaution proved a wise one. When Davidson first saw Hennessey he exclaimed: "I came here to hang and I will hang," and was with difficulty restrained from making an attack upon the fascinating cornetist. The two rivals waged a bitter war of words for over an hour and until Manager Thomas grew weary of their wrangling and gave both due notice that if any blood was to be shed they must go into the street, as he did not propose to have his house mussed up in that way. A compromise was finally reached by Hennessey promising to give up all claims to the lady if Davidson would agree to take her back, and the two separated most excellent friends, considering what had passed between them. A young man belonging to the min-



HOLD THE OTHER MAN.

strel company was sent over to inform the lady of the transfer that had been made, and she obediently packed her belongings and went to her husband's room in the St. James. The reunited pair left Monday morning, apparently on the best of terms with each other, ostensibly for New York, though the officers are confident they were going home.

Mrs. Davidson was described as an exceedingly attractive young woman, small but plump of form and dark in complexion, with manners that won on all she met.

Davidson admitted to the detective that his home was in Peoria, Ill., and that he was a railroad conductor, but further than that he managed to keep his identity completely obscured. His bearing and talk were those of a gentleman, but his infatuation for his pretty young wife was evidently the ruling passion of his life and was the cause of their reconciliation under



RECONCILIATION.

what would have been to most men embarrassing conditions.

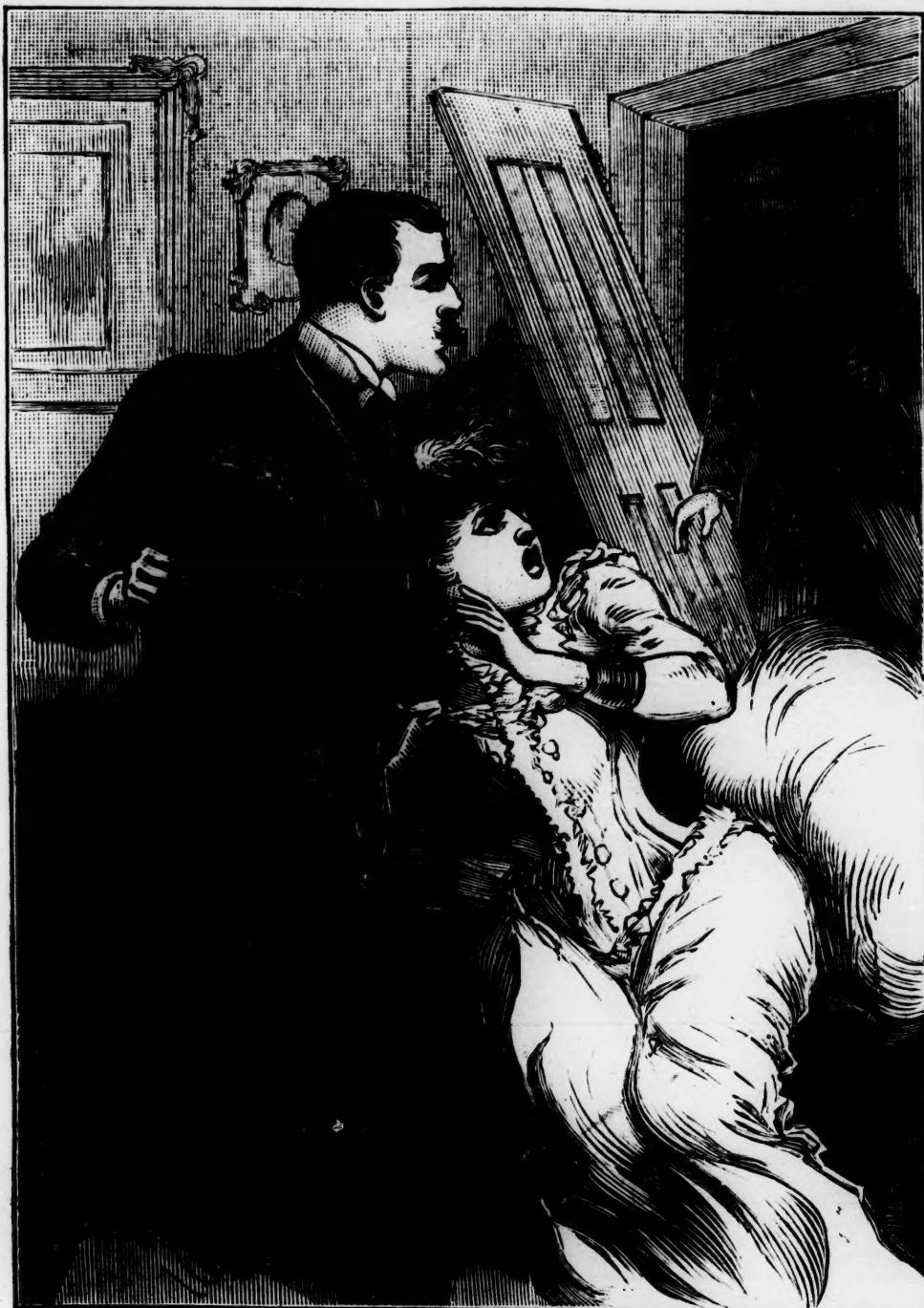
There are several names in connection with this alleged scandal that should be counted when the next census is taken.

THE PREACHER ON HIS MUSCLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

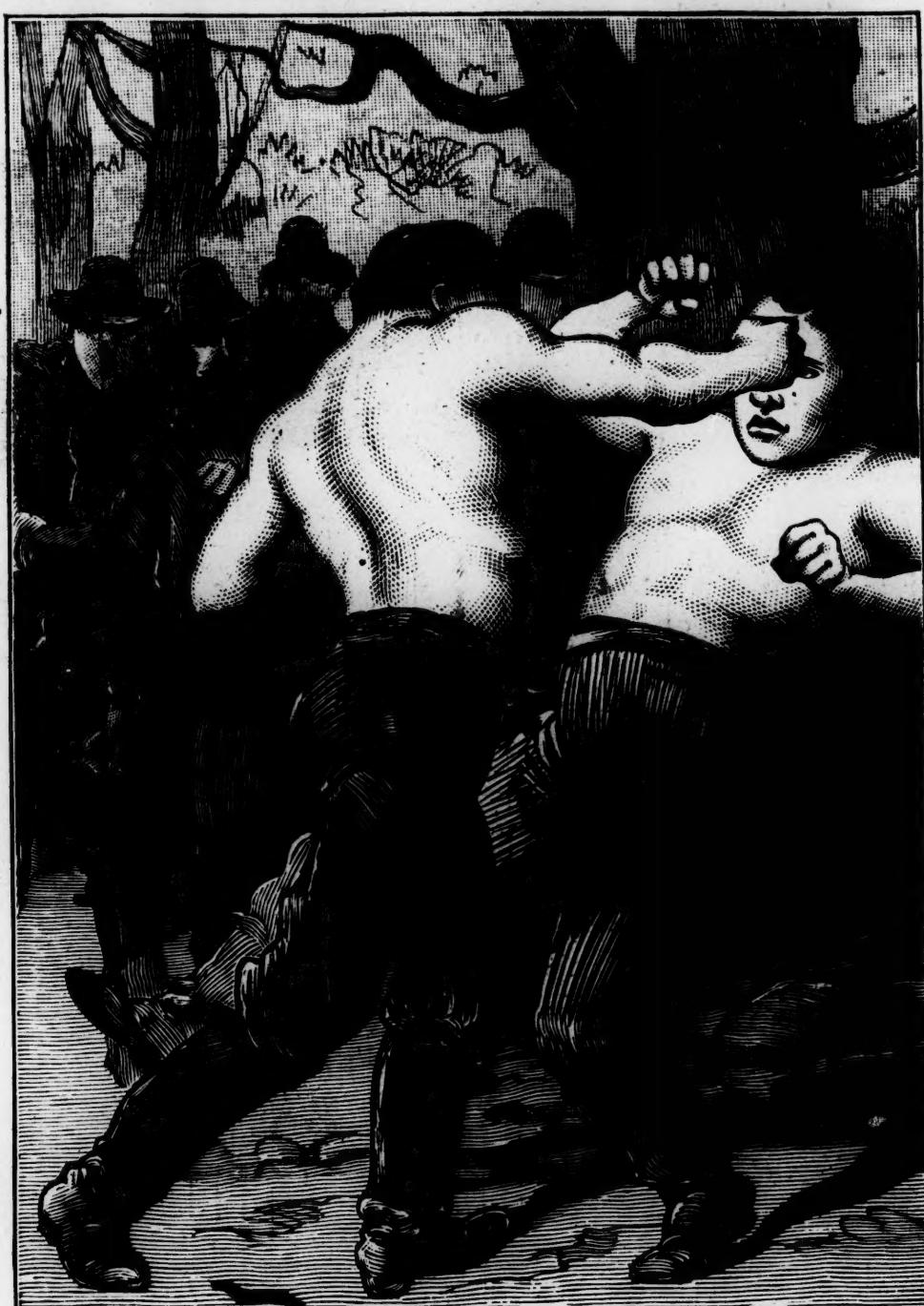
The Rev. Dr. Porteus of Oakland, Cal., discovered recently that four tramps had broken into the little depot of the Missouri Pacific at Oakland, had built a fire and slept there during the night. When the pastor arrived at the depot the tramps were sleeping soundly. The Doctor aroused the sleeping beauties and ordered

Send two cents for our Catalogue of Sensational and Sporting Books, Cabinet Photos and Sporting Goods of all descriptions. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



SCANDAL IN A MADHOUSE.

THE PATIENTS AND EMPLOYEES IN THE COLUMBUS, O., LUNATIC ASYLUM LOVE EACH OTHER INDISCRIMINATELY AND CAUSE TROUBLE.



A NOVEL FIGHT.

TWO BRAWNY SCRANTON, PA., MINERS BIFF EACH OTHER ON THE FOREHEAD AS AN EVIDENCE OF ALLEGED SCIENCE, AND GET THERE.



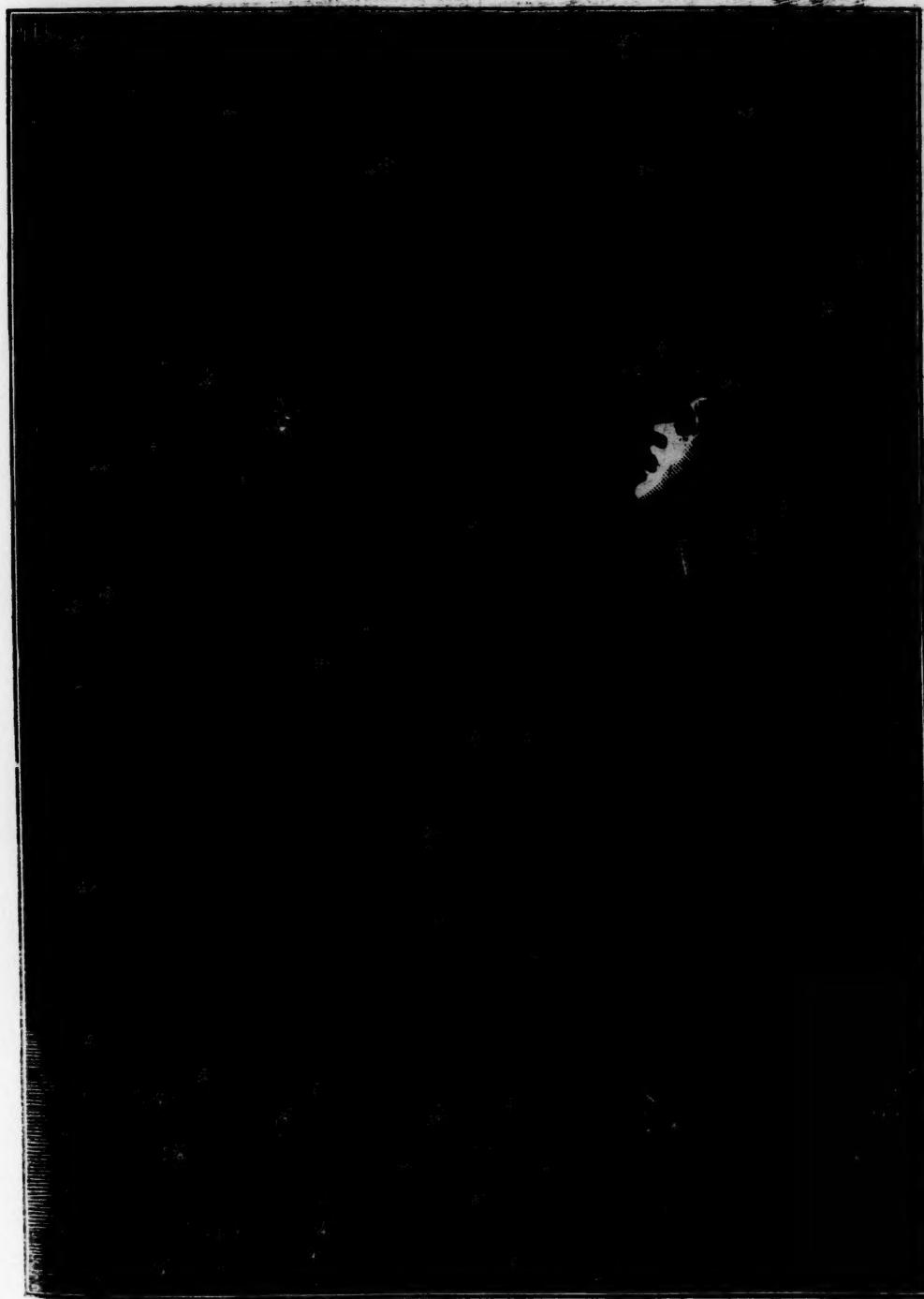
FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ASTONISHED.

A PRETTY GIRL ATTEMPTS SUICIDE WHILE GOING TO THE GRAVE OF A DEAR SISTER, IN ELIZABETH, N. J.



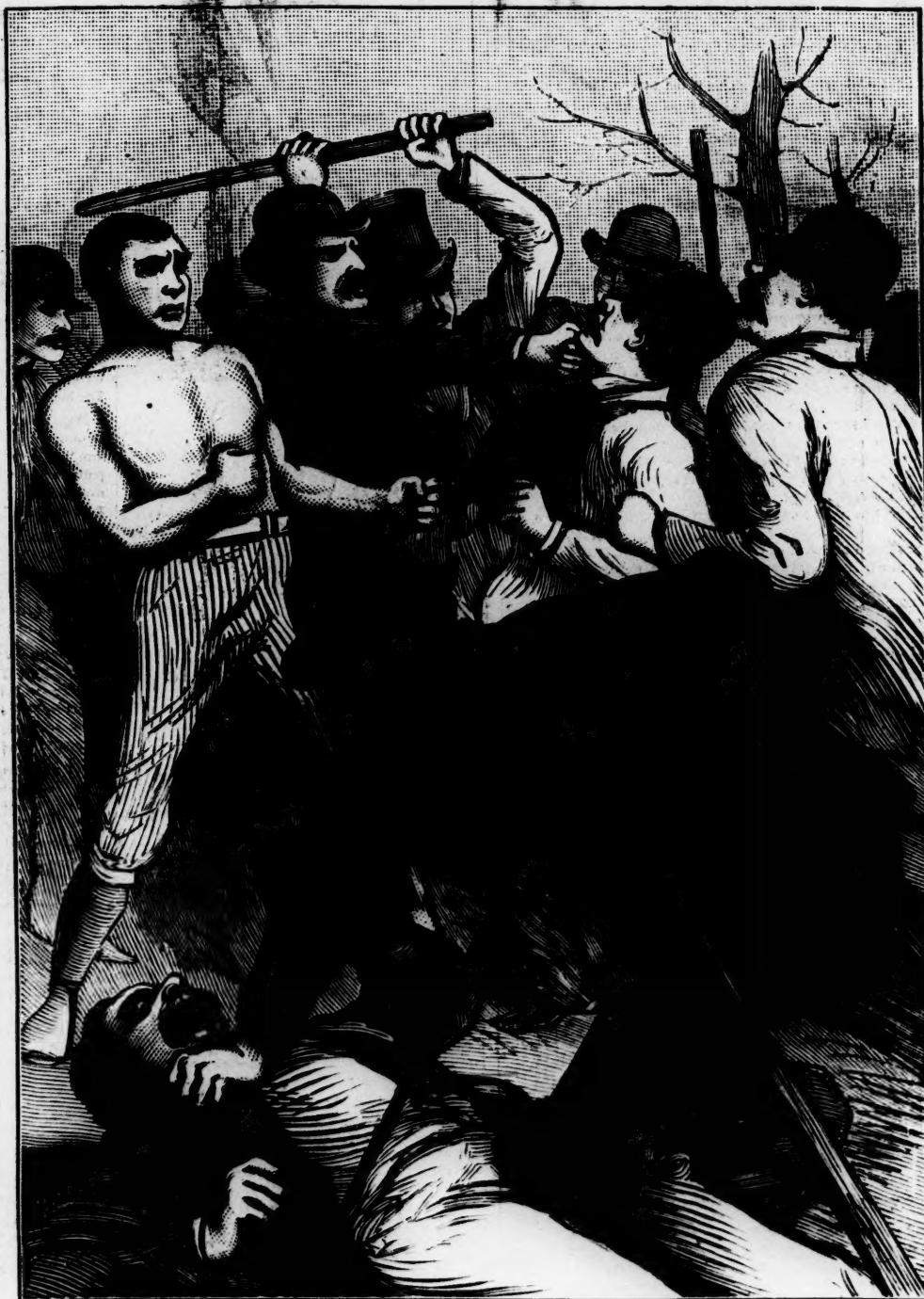
RATS IN HIS GARRET.

"KAJANKA" GIRLS DO STUNTS WITH A LOCAL CRANK DURING REHEARSAL IN THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.



SHE YELLED FOR KEEPS.

PRETTY MARY ANN REILLY, OF JAMAICA, L. I., GETS UNDER THE BEDCLOTHES AND HOWLS A BURGLAR CLEAR INTO THE GLOAMING.



IT ENDED IN A FREE FIGHT.

DENVER, COL., SPORTS TERMINATE A PRIZE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO CELEBRATED FUGILIANTS IN AN EXCEEDINGLY LIVELY MANNER.

WHO WILL LIFT IT?

The Thousand-Pound "Police Gazette" Dumbbell has Arrived.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"Who is the strongest man in the world?" is now a question which is asked every day in all parts of the world, and who that individual is at present is an open question. During the past two decades there have been many rivals of Hercules and Samson, and many of them, while they have not carried away the gates of Gaza, have accomplished wonderful feats of strength. In order to promote competition and give the galaxy of strong men and giants of strength an opportunity to compete in honorable rivalry, a valuable trophy will be given to any of the many giants of strength who can lift fairly and without assistance or artificial means the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell, which weighs 1,000 pounds.

The massive iron bar handles firmly attached, it is not cumbersome or unwieldy, and it only requires strength to raise it from the platform upon which it rests.

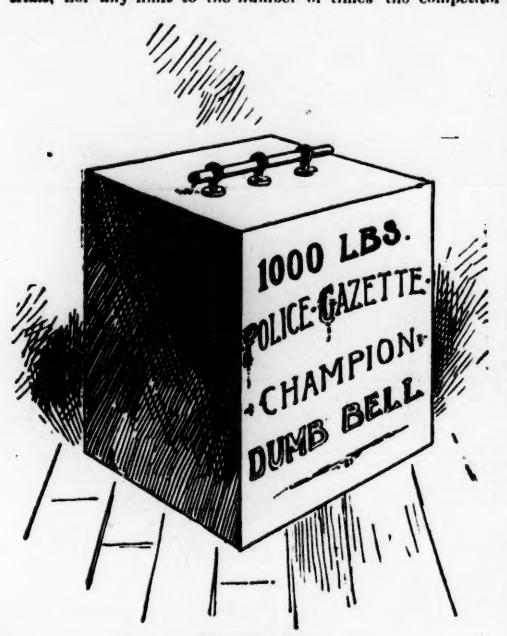
All the giants of strength are invited to visit the POLICE GAZETTE office and test their strength in trying to lift the largest and heaviest dumbbell in the world.

The trophy that will be offered will be made of gold and will be valued at \$600, and the winner will be the champion dumbbell lifter of the world. All contestants who desire to contend for the prize must abide by the following rules:

RULE 1.—The competition is open to any man in the world, professional or non-professional.

RULE 2.—Competitors can use both hands, and the dumbbell must be lifted fairly from the ground.

RULE 3.—There will be no restrictions as to the number of trials, nor any limit to the number of times the competitor



THE BIG BELL.

shall make an effort to lift the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell.

RULE 4.—All trials must take place at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day in the week, except Sunday, between 9 A. M. and 8 P. M.

RULE 5.—All parties who desire to compete for the \$600 prize offered by the POLICE GAZETTE must send in their names 12 hours before the time they intend to make the trial.

RULE 6.—The competitor who lifts the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell will be awarded a medal valued at \$500, and will also be presented with the dumbbell and title of champion dumbbell lifter of the world.

RULE 7.—Judges and referee will be selected from the sporting reporters of the New York city newspapers.

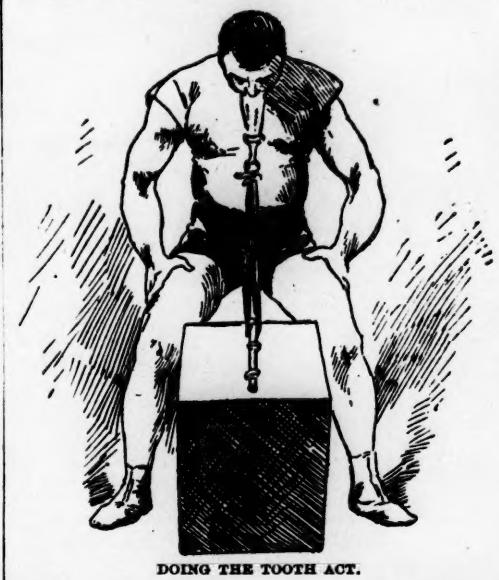
Among the many athletes who intend to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE prize are: Chas. Breed, of Lynn, Mass.; David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass.; Captain James C. Daly, of New York; Louis Cyr, of Montreal, Canada; George McPherson, of Michigan; Chas. Currie, of Toronto; Dennis Gallagher, of Buffalo, and innumerable others.

It required the services of six men with crowbars to remove the dumbbell from the truck, but yet it can be lifted. Several well-known athletes and sporting men have endeavored to budge it, but have not succeeded. The man who can lift it will be amply rewarded in honor of the event, and will gain a name that will be world-famed.

America has had some famous strong men who, years ago, made heavy weight-lifting a feature of athletics, and trained and practiced to excel at this branch of sport. The lifting was done both with artificial means and without. Several of the giants of strength used harness, while others used merely their hands. Wm. B. Curtis, the athletic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, at one time was able to compete with success against any strong man in the world. In New York city in 1868 Curtis lifted 1,230 pounds with harness. This performance has never been beaten, although athletes in all parts of the world have used harness

2,000 pounds in harness. John M. Cannon of Cincinnati, a muscular specimen of humanity, eclipsed Curtis' famous hand-lift and created quite a sensation. Cannon beat Curtis' feat by 20 pounds, lifting 1,250 pounds with his hands and without artificial means, at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 16, 1875.

Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, N. Y., was another man of wonderful strength, and he is accredited with having lifted with harness 2,727½ pounds. Butts possessed wonderful strength, but was never the equal of either Cannon or Curtis. John J. Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., was looked upon at one time as the champion strong man of Illinois. Lucas did accomplish many



DOING THE TOOTH ACT.

great feats at lifting and he has a record of lifting with harness 2,700 pounds at Belleville, Ill., Oct. 28, 1875. Henry R. Beurymeyer, the famous amateur athlete of the New York Athletic Club, who has figured as a general all-round athlete, being in his day a fast sprinter and a champion boxer, is also a giant in strength. Beurymeyer has lifted 2,200 pounds in harness and 1,150 pounds with his hands alone. George Thompson, of New York, is also credited with lifting 2,200 pounds with harness. On March 22, 1880, Henry Lensing, of Cincinnati, leaped up as a giant of strength, and he accomplished numerous feats at lifting, and on the above date lifted 1,325 pounds, and his performance created quite a flutter in athletic circles, for it beat all previous performances, beating Wm. B. Curtis' 1,230-pound and Cannon's 1,250-pound performances.

Another of the American giants of strength was Charles O. Breed, of Lynn, Mass. He was a phenomenon, and accomplished numerous feats of lifting heavy-weights, dumbbells, etc. One unprecedented feat that Breed accomplished was the lifting of a barrel of flour from the ground, with one hand only, 275 times in ten minutes. The barrel of flour weighed 225 pounds with the fixings, and he only used his right hand. Breed accomplished this feat at Lynn, Mass., April 14, 1878. On December 19, 1883, Breed put up a dumbbell weighing 3 pounds 6,000 times in one hour, and on January 20, 1884, he put up a 120-pound dumbbell six times in succession, from shoulder to arm's length above the shoulder, which is a wonderful feat. Another of Breed's wonderful feats of strength was accomplished at Lynn, Mass., in 1884, when he lifted a barrel of flour weighing with fixings 218 pounds 18 times in one hour, making a total weight lifted of 40,548. Breed's most wonderful feat of lifting was accomplished at Lynn, Mass., on December 13, 1884, when he lifted a barrel of flour from the ground (with one hand), weighing with fixtures 219½ pounds, 240 times in one minute, total weight lifted, 52,680 pounds. This performance stamped Breed as a physical wonder.

David L. Dowd, of Springfield, Mass., was another strong man who gained great fame by his wonderful feats of strength.



Dowd is recorded with lifting with his hands 1,442 pounds, and he accomplished the feat at Springfield, Mass., March 27, 1883.

Carl Abe, the German giant, who was in America a few years ago, was a wonderfully strong man. He could lift 900 pounds, play with 150-pound dumbbells, and lift 500 pounds with one hand. Abe, at Hamburg, Germany, lifted a weight weighing 182½ pounds three times from the floor with one hand. He also put up a 220½-pound dumbbell with one hand from shoulder to arm's length, and he also lifted a barrel of flour weighing 212 pounds and shouldered it.

Among the famous giants of strength who are now competing in the arena for fame and glory in feats of strength are Eugene Sandow, a Pomeranian, C. A. Sampson, Cyclops, Louis Cyr, Carl Abe, and others. Sandow was born in 1867 in Königsberg, Germany, and stands 5 feet 11 inches in height. His chest measurement is 45½ inches, his biceps are 15½ inches and he weighs 265 pounds, and he is said to be one of the strongest men in the world.

Louis Cyr, a Canadian Samson, was born in Montreal in 1868 of French parents, stands 5 feet 11 inches in height; his chest measurement is 50 inches; his biceps, 16 inches, and weight 325 pounds. Cyr is evidently the strongest man in the world, as will be seen by some of the following feats:

Cyr has put up a 245-pound dumbbell from floor to shoulder and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. On March 28, 1888, at St. Louis, Canada, he lifted a platform on which seven men were seated and which also contained seven dumbbells and a barrel of flour, the whole making a dead weight of 1,375 pounds. He repeated this feat six months later. Immediately after this he placed a barrel of flour upon his shoulder and followed this up by lifting 3,500 pounds of pig iron with a plank as the hold. At Berthierville, Canada, on October 1, 1888, Cyr put up a 245-pound dumbbell, raising it from the floor to shoulder with both hands, then from shoulder to arm's length above shoulder with one hand. On the same day he lifted 3,550 pounds of pig-iron with his back, both back, arms and legs, until the planks holding the iron were several inches clear of the treaties. Recently at Montreal, he lifted a 160-pound dumbbell.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.

OUR MEN OF MUSCLE.

They All Appear to be Keeping Their Ends Up.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

We received the following special cable Jan. 24:

London, Jan. 24, 1890.
The international prize fight for £500 between Jen Burgess, the light-weight champion of Sydney, New South Wales, and Sam Baxter, the light-weight champion of England, was decided to-day in Foley's Gymnasium, Sydney. The men fought at 9 stone 4 pounds. Hundreds of pounds were wagered on the result of the battle and the Australians backed Burgess heavily at 7 to 4 and the English champion had plenty of supporters. The battle was fought according to "Police Gazette" rules. Two-ounce gloves were used.

In the opening of the fight Baxter had the best of the fighting, but Burgess proved the hardest hitter and was in the best condition, and finally knocked out the English champion.

The match was arranged on Nov. 27. Foley received one-third of the gate money. John Cohen, Burgess' backer, won £2,000.

ATKINSON.

Alfred Broadhead, the well-known cricketer of Frankfort, Pa., died recently in England.

The backers of Andy Bowen are straining themselves to induce Billy Myer to meet their champion.

Jimmy Larkin and Hippy Homer of Boston are to fight in the Gladstone Club, Providence, for a purse of \$1,000 in February.

The glove fight between Jake Kirain of Baltimore and Felix Vaquelin is to take place at New Orleans on Sunday, Feb. 2.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, claims that he did not sell out when he fought Billy Murphy for the "Police Gazette" champion belt.

Jack Dempsey has recovered from the influenza and will soon resume training. His match with McCarthy has been postponed until Feb. 29.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 23, Jack Casey of Williamsburg defeated Eddy Shaw in 14 rounds, with skin gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$200.

E. D. Holske, now in Australia, has challenged Scott, the champion, to walk any distance from 1 to 25 miles for \$500, or any man in Australia upon the same terms.

Sailor Brown, the well-known pugilist, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 22. He is living at Highland Falls, and doing well financially by teaching boxing.

George F. Slosson is the boniface of the Columbia Billiard Hall, Broadway and Twenty-second street, New York. William Riley is no longer the great billiard player's partner.

John L. Sullivan, the champion, left New York for Boston on Jan. 20. The champion refuses to arrange or negotiate for any match with either Peter Jackson or Frank P. Slavin at present.

At San Antonio Reddy H. Milton, of St. Louis, and an unknown of San Antonio are soon to mill, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000. The unknown is a member of Uncle Sam's boys in blue.

Jack Rose and Peter McGunnigle fought for a purse with gloves at Staten Island, N. Y., on Jan. 20. Rose knocked McGunnigle out in the seventh round. The contest lasted 20 minutes 30 seconds.

Frank Cox, who recently fought Tommy Barnes and lost by a foul in 8 rounds fought in 31 minutes, near Buffalo, N. Y., offers to give Barnes another race if the Erie Athletic Club will put up a purse of \$200 or \$300.

At Hackensack, N. J., on Jan. 23, New York game fowls crowded over New Jersey fowls in a cocking main of eight battles. The New Jersey fowls won one battle. The stakes were \$20 each battle and \$10 the odd fight.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Highland Falls, N. Y., January 22, says: The glove fight between James Scott, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Fred Kienle, of the Highland Falls Athletic Club, for \$50 a side, was won by the latter.

Henry Heater and John Pierce, both middle-weights, fought without gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at Centre, Mo., on Jan. 12. It was a desperate battle lasting 16 rounds, when Heater was declared the winner. Pierce was knocked out by a right-hander.

The "dogalistic" dispute between Pete, of Fall River, weight, 28½ pounds, and Roxy, of Providence, weight, 27½ pounds, for a purse of \$250, was decided at Providence, R. I., on January 18. Roxy won in 1 hour 28 minutes. Pete is a full bred bull, while the winner is a bull terrier.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Norwich, Jan. 24, says: John C. McGee, of this city, a famous middle-weight pugilist of New England, is booked for a go with Pete McCoy, the California middle-weight, before the California Athletic Club of San Francisco for \$200 a side.

A special from Pittsburg to the "Police Gazette" says: An important dog fight has been arranged between John L. Sullivan and Jack the Ripper. They are to fight at 35 pounds, fair scratch in turn, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500. The battle is to be fought within 100 miles of this city on March 10.

Dan Lannon and Jim Post engaged in a glove fight, "Police Gazette" rules, at Alfred James' hall, Jersey City, on Jan. 22. Lannon was knocked out in the third round. The police arrived, when Lannon quickly revived and escaped by a rope from a third-story window. The proprietor of the resort, Post and eight others were arrested.

The six-day go-as-you-please race, 12 hours a day, ended at Waterbury, Conn., on Jan. 18. Samuel Davis won first money, covering \$110 miles. Peter Golden was second with \$84 miles; John Hughes was third with \$78 miles. The winner received \$210, Golden \$150, Hughes \$75. As usual Happy Jack Smith trained and handled the winner.

George Wilson of Jamaica, L. I., and Billy Johnson of New York, heavy-weight colored pugilists, fought according to London rules, for a purse of \$100, at a well-known resort in New Jersey, on Jan. 19. The battle was well contested up to the seventh round, when the crowd became so noisy and boisterous that the referee declared the battle a draw.

Billy Murphy of Australia holds the "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt. The Australian's backer has posted \$200 forfeit and issued a challenge to again fight Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, for \$2,000 and the trophy and championship, or any other pugilist in the world of 122 pounds for from \$1,000 to \$2,000 and the "Police Gazette" feather-weight champion belt.

At the St. Louis Natatorium, on Feb. 19 and 20, there will be a boxing tournament of a novel description. It will not only be for bantams and feather-weights, but for light-weights, middle-weights and heavy-weights of special classes from 105 pounds to 120 pounds, from the latter weight to 140 pounds, and from 140 to 150 pounds, and all weights over 150 pounds upward.

The 10-mile walking match between M. J. Casey of Worcester, Mass., and A. Homer of New Haven, Conn., was decided at Worcester, Mass., on Jan. 22, and Casey won, it is said, in 1 hour 21 minutes 47 seconds. Homer's time being 1 hour 21 minutes 18 seconds. The first mile of the race was covered by Casey in 7 minutes 3 seconds, this being one of the best records ever made in the rink.

Steve Maher defeated David Scott in ten rounds, 30 minutes. London prize ring rules, near Highland Falls, N. Y., on January 22. Maher is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighed 150 pounds. Scott stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and scaled 145 pounds. They fought with bare knuckles, according to London prize ring rules, for a purse. Jack Riley and a friend seconded

Scott, while Sailor Brown with a friend attended to Maher. Thomas Gallagher was referee.

On Jan. 18, at the New York Athletic Club, a wrestling match between J. O'Brien and Max Lubeg took place. The former weighed 130 pounds and the latter, 135 pounds. The match was the outcome of Lubeg's winning the 135 pound championship recently. The conditions were that the men should wrestle to a fall. After 11 minutes and 50 seconds, hard fighting Lubeg claimed a fall, and on the judges refusing to allow it he left the ring and O'Brien was awarded the decision.

A special from the secretary of the Occidental Club, of San Francisco, Cal., says: The Directors of the Occidental Club have matched Jimmy Griffin, of St. Paul, with Billy Mahan, of San Francisco, to fight on February 17 for a purse of \$750—\$400 to the winner, \$150 to the loser. The man weighing in over 135 pounds will forfeit \$150 if he should win, so that in such an event the loser will get \$300. The match is regarded as a very even one. Griffin recently had a ten-round contest with Mulholland, which was a very even affair. Mahan whipped Mulholland in the Los Angeles Club after a long, hard fight.

The following letter was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Dear Sir: I see that the sporting editor of the Sun, also the New York Sportman, gave the credit to the State of Maine for having produced in Nelson, 2:14½, the fastest breed horse of any sex breed in New England. Now that credit belongs to the bay gelding Clingstone, 2:14, by Ryadk, dam Gretchen, bred by the Hon. Chas. M. Pond, Hartford, Conn., who owned both sire and dam. By giving this space in your columns you will oblige,

JUSTICE.

Harvard College Athletic Association' has decided to give Yale College athletes her undivided attention, for Harvard has withdrawn from the football and baseball leagues and refused to meet the Columbia and Cornell crews in New London next June. Yale has also refused to row the Cornell crew, and the only races the Yale Varsity and Freshmen crews will row will be with the Varsity and Freshmen crews of Harvard. Yale's position is therefore practically the same as Harvard's, and in all probability a mass meeting will be held soon, at which the dual league proposed by Harvard will be modified to effect all branches of athletics between the two universities.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office:

ALPENA, Mich., January 24.

Billy W. Moran, of Thorndike, Mass., the heavy-weight pugilist, is stopping here and has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE to fight Peter Jackson for a purse of \$5,000.

The following explains:

ALPENA, Mich., January 21, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq., NEW YORK CITY.—Dear Sir: I am ready to fight Peter Jackson in a ten-foot ring, London rules, for five thousand (\$5,000). Would like to meet him by May 1st, either California or South Dakota. Will be at Thorndike, Mass., my home, in a few days. Hoping you may be

PARSON DAVIES BACK.

He Had an Enjoyable Time Among England's Sports.

PETER JACKSON'S BRIGHT FUTURE.

Charles E. Davies, the Cicero of the prime ring and the shrewdest and ablest manager who ever managed a sporting show, wrestler or champion pugilist, returned from his glorious and successful tour through England, Ireland and Scotland on board the Britannia of the White Star Line on Sunday, January 19. A large crowd of sporting men were on hand to welcome Peter Jackson's, the colored champion's, manager, but if any information could have been gained upon the exact time the steamer would be docked a larger crowd would have been on hand to give Mr. Davies, of Chicago, the prize-ring diplomat and orator, a welcome. Davies was dressed in the height of fashion, as usual. He was all smiles; and why should he not look pleasant? He had invaded England with a colored pugilist, bearded the lion in his den and succeeded in assisting his champion in conquering England's champion, whereby he gained historical fame and swelled his exchequer to the tune of \$22,000.

Davies spoke in glowing terms of his treatment in England, and he was loud in his praise of Peter Jackson's service, stamina and bravery. He appealed to think that John L. Sullivan had placed fresh restrictions on a match between himself and Jackson in the California Athletic Club. The Chicago Parson called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to see Richard K. Fox, who attended Smith's, the English champion's downfall at the Pelican Club, when Jackson conquered him, and he related many amusing stories of his experiences in England.

The Dublin "Freeman" gives Charles E. Davies great praise for his management of Peter Jackson, the colored champion, and also publishes the following about Jackson:

"It was suggested to Peter Jackson that Sullivan was a man above his class, and might possibly beat him, but this only evoked the reply from Jackson: 'I don't know, but I shall certainly afford him the earliest possible opportunity of doing so.' One cannot withstand being charmed with the reserved and polished manners and diction of this representative of a community which has never been celebrated for such attributes, and, although his arms lack the phenomenal development of Sullivan, or even Smith, his figure is a perfect ebony study of muscular manhood. His style is not showy, but his great height (over six feet) and immense reach, with a good deal of science, make him one of the surest 'stoppers' ever seen. His arms, although immensely served by their length, appear to be his weakest point, for they are small and scarcely calculated to withstand one of Sullivan's dives. He is well advised to keep to the gloves, for, as he says himself, when he can make enough money without infringing the law it would be poor wisdom to court police attention without a certainty of success in another way. As to his real fighting capacity it would be simply ridiculous to write from the evidence supplied last evening, the contests being simply exhibitions, in which neither he nor his opponent distressed himself; but one thing is certain, and it is that he has established himself a pronounced favorite here."

Homer Pennock has caught a tartar in the pedestrian bus at last. He backed James Collins to win the Shefield handicap heavily and stood to win \$5,000. Collins never was in the race, and Pennock tried to throw cold water on Collins by making an affidavit that Collins was a world-beater as a sprinter and intimating that the American pedestrian did not try to win.

Supposing that Collins did throw Pennock, the latter could not get back his \$500 by exposing Collins, for what does the latter-day professional sprinter care about being exposed?

Pennock has made money on sprinters, and did not expose the fixed races when he won; he might just as well have pocketed his losses and proved that he was just as calm at losing as winning. Besides, it is no use mourning for spilled milk. Pennock says "he has done with professional short-distance runners." Just as much as the sun has ceased to shine. Backing short-distance runners and looking for the best of matches has been Pennock's hobby since he struck that gold mine, and he will continue to do so.

Writing of Homer Pennock puts me in mind of Joe Rogers, of Toronto, who keeps a hat and fur store and who has been the backer of oxmen in Toronto since Hanlan was champion. Rogers has announced that he will have no more to do with William O'Connor, the champion. Rogers won a small fortune when O'Connor defeated John Teemer at Washington, D. C. in a race for the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, but it is claimed that he lost heavily when O'Connor was beaten by Henry E. Searle in the race for the championship of the world, in England.

Many claim that the money Rogers bet on O'Connor was commission money, and that he did not lose any of his own. Rogers' only excuse for throwing O'Connor overboard is that he has been obliged to neglect his business. A lame excuse is always better than none, but those who know the Toronto hatter will smile when they learn of the slimy excuse he makes in order to evade bucking O'Connor against John Teemer.

Perhaps James A. St. John has sent a little bird to whisper in O'Connor's backer's ear, or maybe Rogers is afraid that Teemer might just row fast enough to beat O'Connor, or perhaps Rogers had a night vision of the Teemer and Gaudaur race at Pittsburgh recently.

I am sure there is something rotten in Denmark, or else Rogers, who likes fame and glory as a backer, would not draw in his horns and refuse to back a champion that has won him more money in one day than he could make in selling hats in a year. O'Connor will not have to look about Toronto many hours for backers, and perhaps he will still be able to hold the "Police Gazette" champion cup and the championship, even if his backer has deserted him.

It was reported that Evan Lewis, the champion wrestler of Madison, Wis., had to cancel his engagements in the East on account of influenza. This may have been a soothing dose of medicine for Lewis to prescribe to the managers he was under contract with, but he had no influenza, and if Muldoon had been able to fill his engagements last week at St. Louis, the Strangler would have been on hand to meet Sullivan's trainer. Muldoon could not keep his engagement, and the Strangler is now in Madison, Wis., in the best of condition.

George H. Sanford, a well-known Western drummer of sporting specialties, recently paid his respects to the knights of the green at Bridgeport, Conn., and won \$2,000 from the faro banks. He continued to buck the tiger until he ran against "a brace," when his funds departed. Sanford had deposited his winnings in the City National Bank, and after losing \$500 he gave a check on the bank to Sam Merritt, of six day go-as-you-please fame, who is manager of Moran's "bank." Sanford in the meantime had withdrawn the money he had deposited and left Bridgeport. When Merritt went to cash the \$500 at the bank the once famous pedestrian was informed: "No funds."

There is no definite information in regard to the proposed meeting between John L. Sullivan, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and Peter Jackson. It is rumored that the California Athletic Club have agreed to put up a purse of \$20,000 for a contest to a finish between the great colored pugilist and the champion, and that the match is to take place in May. No articles of agreement have been signed by Sullivan and Jackson, and until this part of the preliminaries is settled the proposed match is only a matter of hearsay. The ratification of a match between these greatistic stars would be a

source of great satisfaction to thousands who are eager to learn the result of a meeting between Sullivan and Jackson.

Many believe that Jackson would defeat Sullivan, especially Chas. E. Davies, the colored heavy-weight champion's shrewd manager, and there is not the least doubt that if the match were ratified there would be hundreds, especially on the Pacific Coast, who would accept odds on Jackson's chances of winning, while a number of sporting men would back Sullivan.

Should the California Athletic Club succeed in inducing Sullivan to go to San Francisco to meet Jackson, and should Sullivan settle right down to hard work and train, his chances of defeating Jackson should be very rosy, but if he follows the footsteps of many of the old champions and those who have flourished during the past few years, and believe that his opponent is overrated and not in class, and places too much confidence in his own ability to win without training, instead of victory he might meet with defeat. Jackson, so far, has not met the three star pugilists, Sullivan, Kilrain and Slavin, and his victories have been over men not Sullivan's, Kilrain's or Slavin's equals in a flat way. Consequently Sullivan, in condition, should conquer Jackson.

Again, Jackson has never yet met a man who could punish him as severely or strike the tremendous, steam trip-hammer blows that Sullivan can strike. Jackson may be as courageous as any pugilist who ever stood in a prize ring, but many claim that he will not, to use a cock-fighting phrase, stand the gaffs."

So far, no pugilist except Bill Farnham of Australia, who defeated him, ever put him to the test to try his courage and then he was found wanting. Farnham was not a good second-class pugilist and yet he defeated Jackson. In his battles with Joe McAuliffe and George Godfrey he received very little punishment, so that it is hard to obtain a line on his pluck. In England, when he fought Smith, the latter was disqualified before there was any opportunity of knowing whether Jackson could stand punishment or not. Jackson has the science, length of reach and height, and can strike hard blows, but whether he could stand Sullivan's straight left-handers and his tremendous right-hand cross-counter, if frequently delivered, is a question that can only be decided if they ever meet in the ring.

The big offer of Luke Short, of Fort Worth, to put up \$30,000 and guarantee the rival champions protection is a liberal one, and if either refuses to accept the offer they are, in my opinion, blind to their own interest. There is no law against prize fighting in Texas, and the parties who offer this small fortune to be contended for will take effective means to see that the result is not broken into, and that Jackson and Sullivan have a fair field and favor. This offer is by no means a bluff, but is a genuine one.

I learn that the Pelican and Victoria clubs have awakened to a keen sense of how disgraceful the followers of the prize ring are in England when they are bound no foreigner shall win. If the Pelican Club had not taken the step they did, in the name of fair play, decency and honesty, after the Slavin and Smith battle, pugilism would have been a dead letter in England. As it is Smith and his hordes of roughs must now, like the legendary rats, hunt their holes and remain *in cog*;—or, rather, in holes for some time.

The Pelican Club appointed a special committee to investigate into John Fleming's action, and also into that of Smith's backer, Mr. Abingdon. In regard to their share in engaging roughs to prevent Slavin from winning, the committee, although they could have made a case against Fleming and Abingdon, "whitewashed" them. The Pelican Club members got the cut and refused to accept their report and they resigned. I do not know much about Abingdon, but Fleming, in my humble opinion, would leave no stone unturned to have Jim Smith not only win by fair means, but take any chances for him to win by others.

The greatest blow Fleming received was when Mr. Abingdon, instead of giving Smith the \$500 stakes he had put up for him to fight Slavin, gave the money to the Australian. Fleming demurred and made a great time, claiming that Abingdon agreed that Smith should have the \$500, but Slavin received it and Fleming lost his percentage, which was exactly where the shoe pinched the Pelican Club's boxing manager.

The Pelican Club have organized a syndicate and agreed to put up a purse of £5,000 for a battle between John L. Sullivan and Slavin, and allow the men to agree where the battle shall be fought. The Marquis of Queensberry and Lord Lansdale are at the head of the syndicate. It is doubtful if any match will come out of the offer.

The action of Mayor Shakespeare, of New Orleans, in forbidding glove fights within the limits of the Crescent City will not interfere with Jake Kilrain's battle with Vaquelin, the Louisiana Giant. The mayor is an independent, and does not believe in unfair practices in sports of any kind. He is an admirer of menly sports and enjoys witnessing contests of skill and reading about them; but he does not want to countenance unfair glove contests like the recent McHale and Bowen affair, and the POLICE GAZETTE endorses him.

REFEREE.

HORNBACKER RETRIEVES HIS LAURELS.

The battle for a purse of \$500 between Eugene Hornbacker of New York, the well-known feather-weight, and Ed Daly of Providence, R. I., was fought according to "Police Gazette" rules at a well-known resort on Long Island, on Jan. 22. Both men had been specially trained for the affair, and entered the ring in first-class condition.

About 100 well-known sports were present, among them many bookmakers, trainers, jockeys, etc. Hornbacker was seconded by Jimmy Lynch, the pugilist who is eager to fight Billy Murphy of Australia for the "Police Gazette" feather-weight champion belt and a purse of \$1,800, and Bob Smith, the well-known trainer. Steve Baker and Prof. Durney seconded Daly, and Harry Hussey was timekeeper for Hornbacker and W. E. Harding for Daly, and Jacob Adler, the assistant starter of Guttenberg race track, referee.

The battle was well contested, and during round after round there was brisk fighting. First the Providence pugilist and then Hornbacker would have the lead, and then again it was anybody's fight. For 1 hour and 47 minutes they fought, during which both men showed the effects of the punishment they received. Finally, in the thirtieth round, Daly weakened and was knocked down. He was unable to regain his feet within the ten seconds, and after he lay fifteen seconds the referee declared Hornbacker the winner. The battle lasted 1 hour 58 minutes.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

Letters will be forwarded to the parties whose names follow, on receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope:

Fred C. Bryant, George H. Butler, Harry Bethune, Frank Beyer, Prof. A. B. Bortman, James Crow, Tom Cannon, James A. Cathcart, B. G. Chase, Thomas Casey, M. J. Connolly, Big Jack Connor, Francis J. Clark, W. H. Casey, Miss Le Clair, W. W. Cole, Frank Cox, F. A. Davenport, Daly Bros., "Upside Down Co." Martin Dempsey, P. Dcar, Billy Dacey (2), James Daly, Charley Drury, J. H. Faulkner, Tim J. Fox (2), Joe Fowler, James Fox, Joe Fleiden, Jim Feil, J. D. Fallon, J. W. Griffin, H. Gibbs (2), Pete Hegelman, Jack Hopper, Mike Hook, Mr. Holste, Fred Harmon, P. H. Hogan, H. M. Johnson, Louis Karzenmeyer, H. Kittleman, Jimmy Kennard (pugilist), Alphonse King, John C. Little, Prof. Lafin, James Leogue, J. A. Lightfoot, Evan Lewis, Wm. Miller (2), James McCormick, James P. McVeigh, Geo. S. Noremac, James Quigley, George M. Ross, Alt Ryan, Duncan C. Ross (2), A. Rosenthal, Matsada K. Sorakichi (5), Ed Skinner, Fred M. Schoemac, Frank Slevin, Swipes the Newsboy, R. L. Stewart, Abe Spitz, Jacob Schaffer, C. W. Terwilliger, Sir Roger Tichbourne, Norman Taylor, Henry Taylor, S. W. Veronica, Robert Vint, Prof. Will Willie, J. H. Watson, H. C. Williamson (2), Joseph A. Wetmore, Harry Webb (2).

SIX VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," "Bartenders' Guide," "Boxing and How to Train," and "Guide to Wrestling," all completely illustrated. Price, 35 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

SEND IN THE QUERIES.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The deportment is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturer's and public warehouse.

Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

H. W. T., Boston, Mass.—Aaron Jones was born on March 3, 1831. He stood 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighed 168 pounds. His first battle was with Harry Orme, who weighed 164 pounds, at Framley, Eng., on Dec. 18, 1849, for £40. Orme won in 2 hours 45 minutes. His next battle was with Bob Wade for £50; this battle was fought at Edenbridge, Eng., Sept. 24, 1850. Jones won in 45 rounds, lasting 60 minutes. He was then matched to fight Harry Orme again for £200; 23 rounds were fought in 22 minutes in two rings pitched at Bourne Bridge and Newmarket, Eng. Police interfered in both places, and on re-referees naming a third place Jones refused to fight and the stakes were awarded to Orme on May 10, 1852. Jones' next battle was with Tom Padock; they fought for £100 a side at Long Beach, Eng., July 18, 1854; 121 rounds were fought in 2 hours 24 minutes, when Padock was declared the winner. He then fought Tom Sayers for £200 and the championship of England on the bank of the Medway on Jan. 6, 1857; 62 rounds were fought in 3 hours, when darkness came on and the battle ended in a draw. He fought Tom Sayers again on the banks of the Medway Feb. 19, 1857, for £100 a side and a bet of £100 a side; 85 rounds were fought in 3 hours, when Jones was beaten. Aaron Jones shortly after left for America and was matched to fight Mike McCool in 1867 for the championship of America and \$2,000; the battle was fought at Busenbark's Station, Ohio, Aug. 31, 1867. McCool won in 64 rounds, lasting 25 minutes. The blow which finished the fight opened a gash on Jones' forehead and caused concussion of the brain; Jones also had two of his ribs broken. He died at Leavenworth, Ind., on Feb. 18, 1869.

T. W. H., Lexington, Ky.—Send the photo and we will publish it.

M. W. C., New York City.—A must either divide or throw off the tie.

J. H., Owenton, Ky.—1. No. 2. No such law has yet been passed.

P. H., Memphis, Tenn.—The party who scored 18 points won the competition.

J. W., Williamsport, Pa.—We could not publish matter as you furnished no names.

H. D., Packerton, Pa.—Billy Murphy of Australia and Cal McCarthy of New York city.

J. H., Manistee, Mich.—The POLICE GAZETTE never offered any prize for quill writing.

J. N., Elizabeth, N. J.—Geo. W. Moore, better known as Pony Moore, was born in New York city.

V. J. D., Petersburg, Va.—We can supply you with photos of all the prominent pugilists, but not lithographs.

E. B., Genoa, Nev.—1. Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" book on card playing. 2. Certainly, if it was a misdeal.

D. J. F., Marshall, Tex.—Impossible to settle such a dispute with general satisfaction. You had better draw the stakes.

C. L., Kippie Bush, N. Y.—1. A straight flush. 2. Send 25 cents for book of rules. 3. We answer no correspondents by mail.

L. W., Madison, Wis.—Billy Farnham, who at one time claimed to be the heavy-weight champion of Australia, defeated Peter Jackson.

A. D. D., West Troy, N. Y.—1. In May, 1870. 2. Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the English and American Prize Ring" to this office.

LIONEL, Boston.—1. No. 2. Peter Jackson stands 6 feet 1 1/2 inches high and weighs 200 pounds. He was born in the West Indies in 1862.

S. M.C., Philadelphia.—Tom Sayers never fought Tom King. Sayers' last battle was with John C. Heenan, at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

C. H. M., Rock River, Mich.—1. He came to this country in 1858. 2. Peter Jackson challenged John L. Sullivan after he defeated Joe McAuliffe.

H. H. B., East Ninth St., New York.—1. We never heard of the book you mention. 2. No. 3. Smith, Ainslie & Co., London, Eng., are the publishers, and the o.t. is £1.50.

H. P. F., Willett's Point, N. Y.—2. Losses. The fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan was fought in Mississippi City, Miss., on Feb. 7, 1852.

F. A., New Albany, Ind.—Send on a deposit if you desire publicity given to your challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE. Send on your photo and sketch to this office.

W. H. W., Voorheesville, N. Y.—1. The wager is absurd; draw your money. 2. A champion holding a belt is not compelled to wear it only when he chooses to do so.

J. D., Chicago.—1. Yes. 2. It is according to what quantity is given. 3. Because he was in the navy. 4. No; he is a Canadian. 4. There are 14 pounds to a stone.

E. H., Piedmont.—1. The Rugby rules are the most dangerous, and players are more liable to injury in playing by these rules. 2. Send for "The Police Gazette Book of Rules."

R. B., New York City.—Wm. Muldoon is the champion Greco-Roman wrestler; Evan Lewis, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, and John McMahon, the champion at collar-and-elbow wrestling.

T. J. St. Louis, Mo.—The 200-yard Sheffield handicap, which is run in heats, was decided on Dec. 27 at Sheffield, Eng. The following is a summary of the prize winners: A. Jennings, Camberwell, 51% yards start (£50); first: T. Hendry, Newcastle, 65 (12 1/2) sec.; second: B. Lockwood, Huddersfield, 84 (£5); third: W. South, Sheffield, 50% (£2), fourth.

T. J. Hartford Conn.—A match between Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, and John L. Sullivan, the colored heavy-weight champion, because the battle would be between two



LOVE WITH A VENGEANCE.
MISS NELLIE RYAN IS SHOT AND INSTANTLY KILLED BY ROBERT L. SCOTT, A REJECTED LOVER, IN DENVER, COLORADO.



THE PREACHER ON HIS MUSCLE.
THE REV. DR. PORTEUS KNOCKS OUT FOUR TRAMPS WHO WERE MAKING A LODGING HOUSE OF THE OAKLAND, CAL., DEPOT.



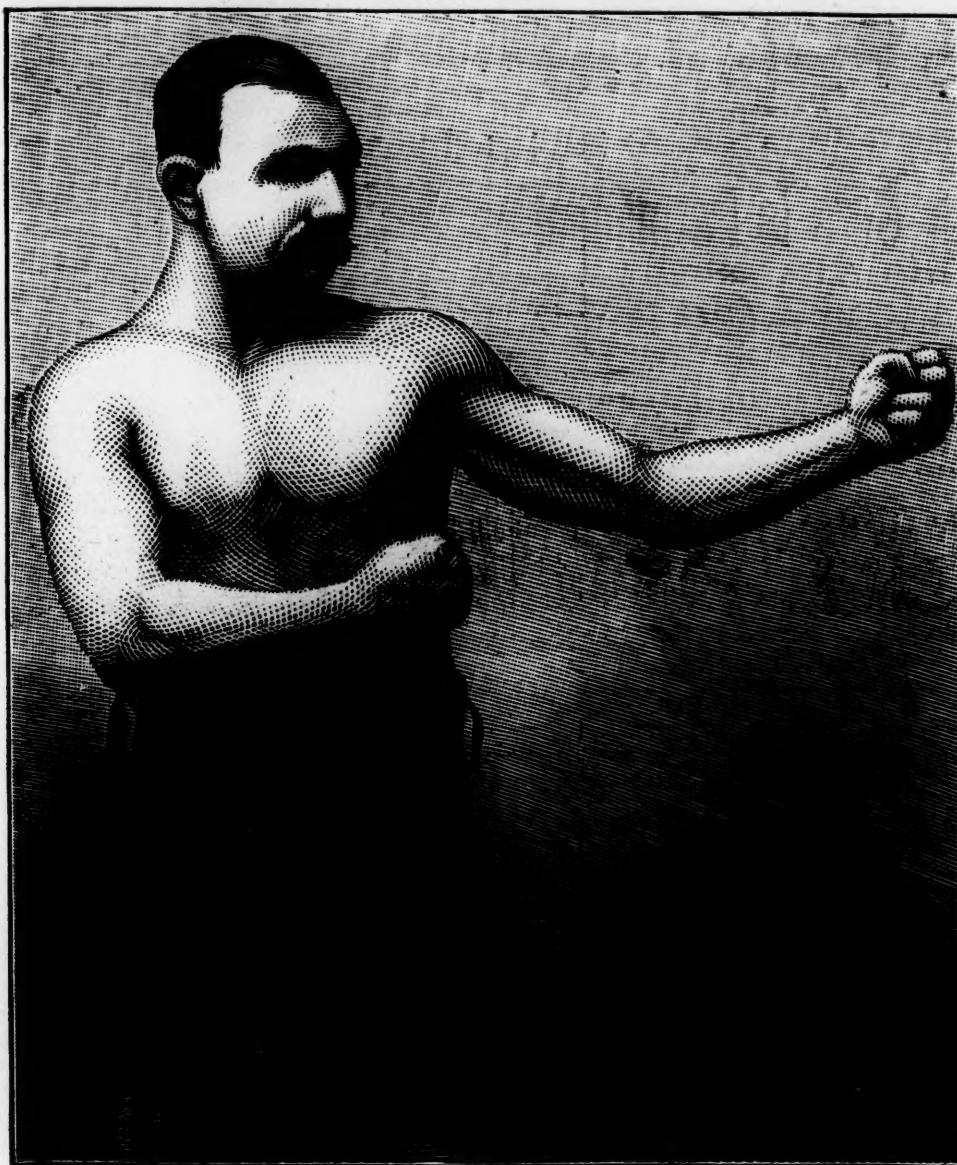
SERIOUS RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.
TWO HORSES AND CARRIAGES COLLIDE ON A RAHWAY, N. J., THOROUGHFARE AND SMASH THINGS UP TERRIBLY AND A GIRL IS INJURED.



BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T FLIRT.
THAT'S WHY THE GIRLS OF THE HOUSATONIC BRASS COMPANY'S FACTORY IN BIRMINGHAM, CONN., TIED UP THEIR OBJECTIONABLE FOREMAN.

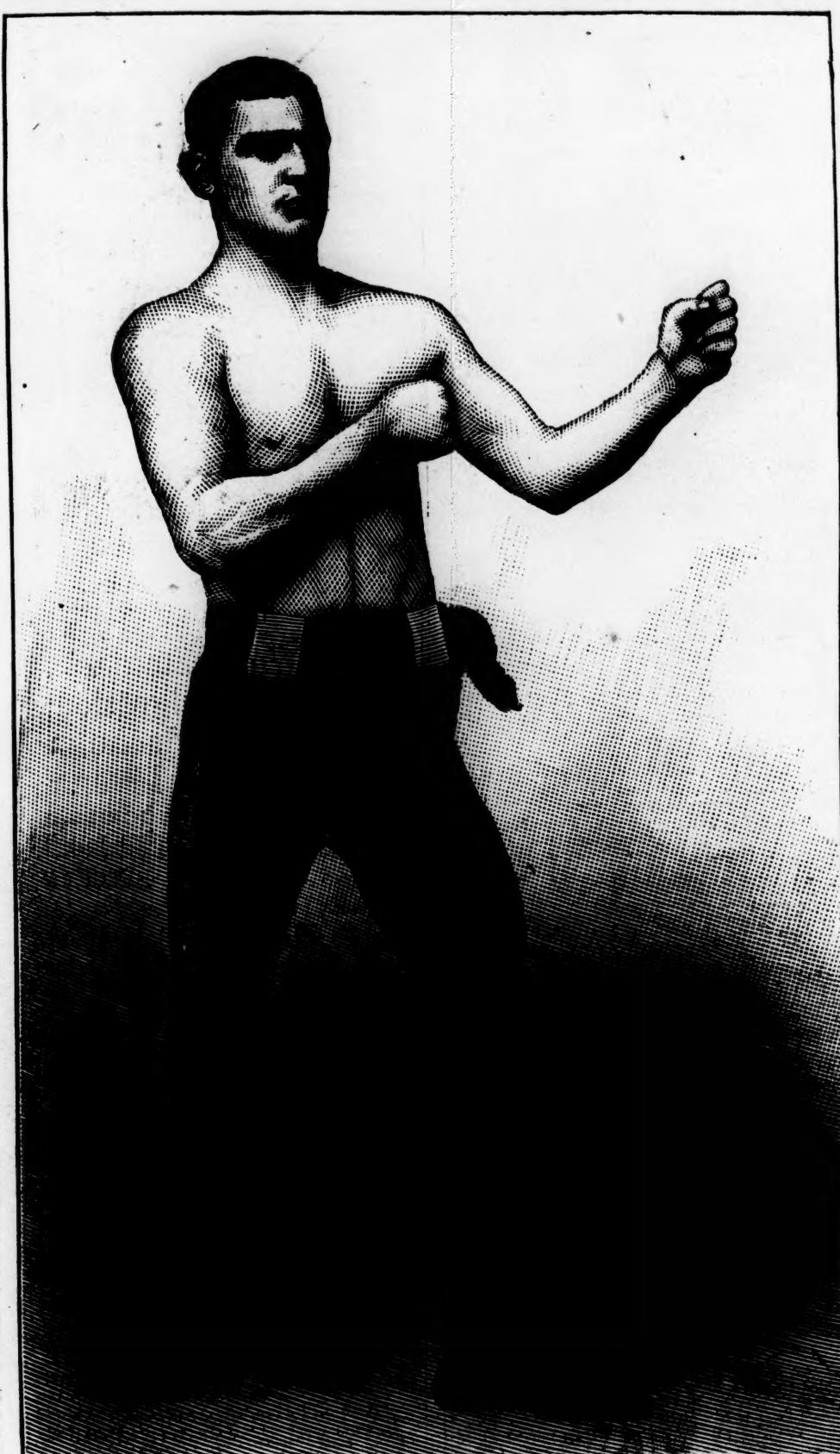


VICTIMS OF A FEUD.
MEMBERS OF THE MCCOY GANG MURDER CONSTABLE R. M. LONG AND FATALLY WOUND HIS WIFE IN GUYANDOTTE COUNTY, KY.



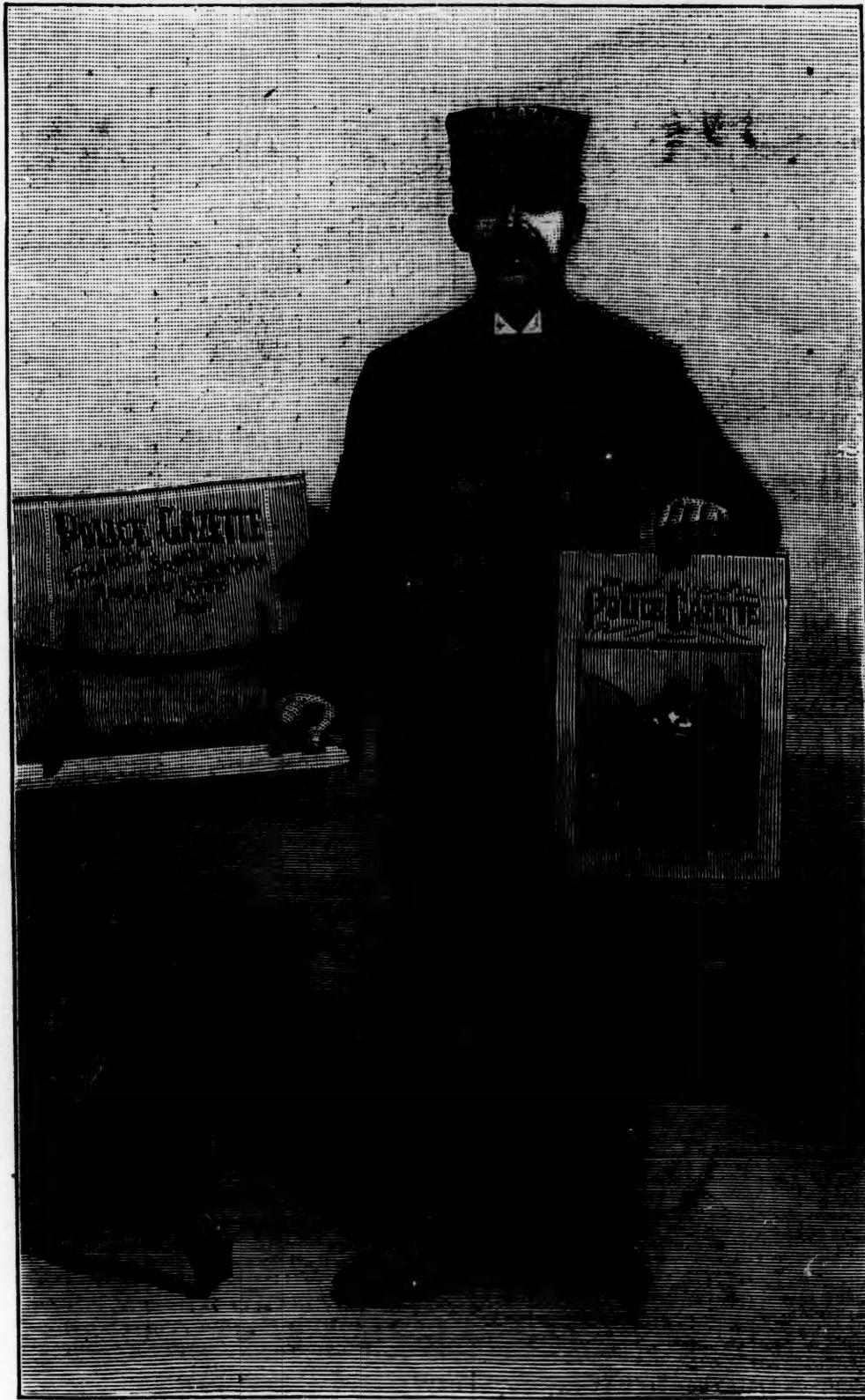
WHO WILL ACCOMMODATE HIM?

FRANK, OTHERWISE "SCOTTY," COX, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO MEET ANY FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILIST IN THE WORLD.



A FAMED PUGILIST.

FELIX VAUQUELIN, OF NEW ORLEANS, WHO IS TO MEET JAKE KILBAIN ON FEBRUARY SECOND IN THE CRESCENT CITY.



OUR CHAMPION AGENT.

GEORGE DUFRANE, THE PRIZE COMMISSIONER OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE," DRESSED IN HIS NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.



A CHAMPION ENGLISH RIDER.

SAMMY LOATES, THE POPULAR JOCKEY, WHO WON MORE MOUNTS THAN ANY OTHER OF HIS FELLOW PIGSKINITES IN 1889.



THE COLORED CHAMPION IN TOWN.

PETER JACKSON, OF AUSTRALIA, WHO RECENTLY DOWNED JEM SMITH, ARRIVES FROM EUROPE AND MEETS WITH A GRAND AND GLORIOUS RECEPTION.